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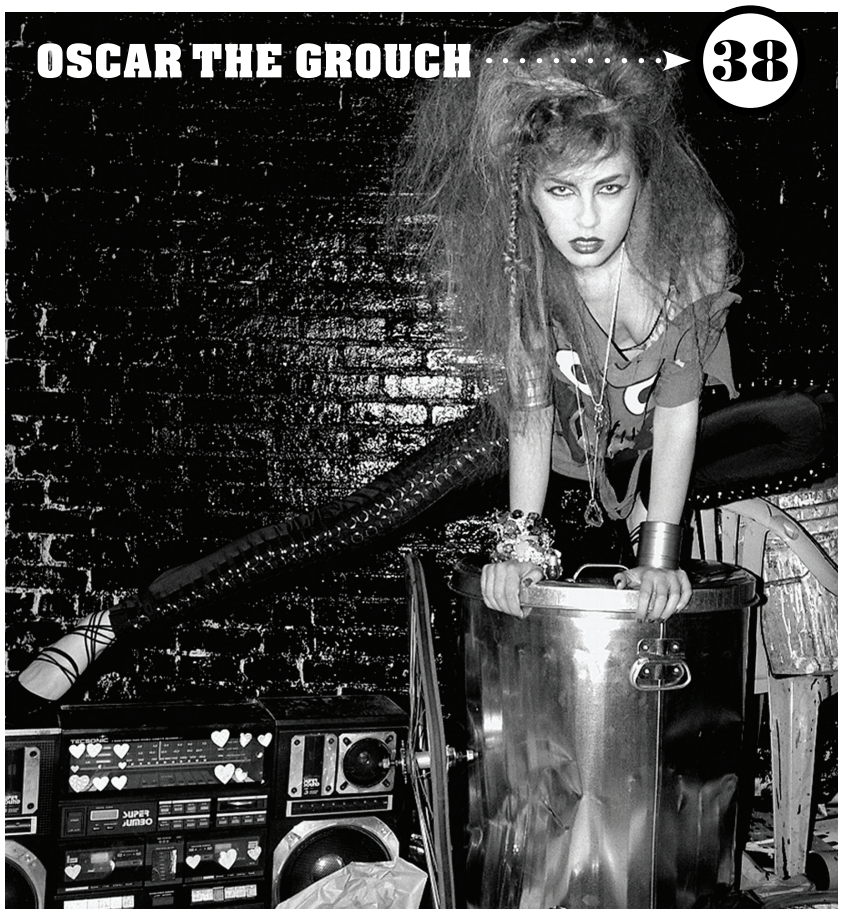
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**ON THE COVER: AMBER HEARD**

Photographed in LA on January 11, 2008 by Beatrice Neumann. Styling by Johnny Wujek. Dress by **Jovovich-Hawk**, Jewel rings & snake bangle by **Noir**, Other accessories are stylist's own.

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Hurry. We have to hurry. Put down the funnel cake, and get a hold of yourself, woman! This is our last chance to go over the plan and I need you to pay attention. No notes. We can't leave a paper trail. Ok, as you know, we're all on our periods at the same time. That's the signal. We must mobilize. We must disseminate the message. Chant it with me: *Al-jihad fi sabil* Missbehave. Yes. Strive in the way of *Missbehave*. Indoctrinate new readers. We have to sanctify these unknowing, pagan-ass heathens. This is our end game, and should we die on our crusade, there will be 72 well-read, well-hung skater boys waiting for us in heaven. With potato chips.

In this heart of darkness that is the girls' magazine world, people must recognize our brilliance. Our alert crosshairs have migrated from Neu Rave, to train on darker, more dangerous things. In this issue, *Missbehave* has quarantined furries doing beastly things to scantily clad models. We've collected actual snuff footage of Hello Kitty offing herself in the goriest manner possible. We've compiled 20 disastrously decadent meals, all from dining establishments with drive-thru windows. Why fast food? Because we don't need a Meyer lemon, slab of Berkshire pork, or some unreasonably happy man made of tires to tell us what to eat. The French are nothing if not consistently worth ignoring. U.S.A! U.S.A!

Believe it like a Monte Cristo sammich fried to the likeness of the Virgin Mary, and bow down to the as yet unheard of Amber Heard. It's no short order, but we've found your next actress to idolize. By the time we next congregate, you'll know all about this Austin, Texas girl's rising star. You'll see her scrappy acting chops in an Apatow comedy and Bret Easton Ellis thriller flick this year. And since we're talking suspense, she's also young, pretty, and has a propensity for popularity that in Hollywood these days, seems more a liability than a blessing. Godspeed, girlie. Whoo, she'll need it in the raptor pen.

Kid Sister and A-Trak know all about buddying up and getting down. Awww. Swoon. Barf. These ridiculously talented musicians got synergy popping like you wouldn't believe and they've got joint success to credit it to. Not unlike the tatted-up, talented droogs of motocross' most esteemed legion—the Cali-based Metal Mulisha. These dudes with a death wish know the strength in numbers and it's all about getting that team teeming.

So all abooooard! This is the mission. Time is finite and we need absolutely all of you for this one. Such is our burden to shoulder, soldier. Buck up. Get out there and tell all worthy women about *Missbehave* and what we do. We're girls! We're awesome! We can do it! I mean, come on, we bleed for a week and don't die. We're scary amazing.

Sanguinely,

*Mary H.K. Choi*

Better than bacon: Cintra Wilson, Liv, Beatrice Neumann, Vilko, Viv, J.D., Feeney the Squeeze, Alex Stielow, Brinkles, Friendan… ya'll are my Rushmore.



missbehave

Photo by **Sacha Maric,**
Swimsuit by **Sophia Malig,**
Shoes by **Charlotte Olympia,**
Tights by **Jonathan Aston.**



## BEATRICE NEUMANN

This Frankfurt-born photographer straight killed our Amber Heard cover story. Beatrice, 28, currently lives in Downtown LA and likes to unwind with Klonopin and snuggling with Shadi (who we're picturing as a cardboard baby cut-out…'cause it's funny). When the apocalypse arrives, Beatrice will add Schedule II substances to the mix. When this incredible talent is not wandering the desert, searching for vintage stripper Polaroids on eBay, or shooting guns, she's shooting her camera for *GQ, YRB, Vice, OYSTER*, and *Inked* to name a few. She likes to ditch parties by feigning claustrophobia. photokat.com



## SERENA KIM

We are all super jealous that Serena got to interview the Metal Mulisha hotties in the boonies. 34-year-old Kim lives in LA with her husband Jeff Sanico and their (super, really cute) daughter Plum. Her first job was set designing a Wu-Tang story for *XXL*. Now she writes for *The LA Times, The Washington Post, Glamour,* and *Latina*. She really relates to Minh Souphanousinphone from "King of the Hill" and is kinda weirdly obsessed with Saul Bellow. Serena's currently working on publishing her novel *The Talent*. serenakim.com

## MARLEY KATE RIZZUTI

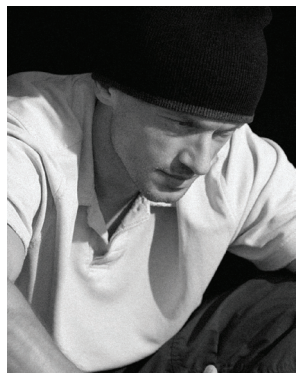
Long-time member of the *Missbehave* family and staff, Marley shot our Peggy Noland Star Search and Cutest Subscriber pages. She also modeled her perky posterior for our booty shorts product page. Marley is born and raised in Brooklyn, but currently resides near Union Square. This burgeoning photographic talent loves herself some American Apparel, Jeremy Scott, "South Park," and yoga. Her ideal party would include all-you-can-eat disco fries, cupcakes, a chocolate fountain, and an open bar. You had us at disco fries…Mmm spork food. dripbook.com/marleykate



## WAYS & MEANS

Eleventy-seven-year-old illustrating bad-asses, Salah Mason and Maceo McNeff, did their thing for our fast food package…which they liked because it combined two of their favorite things: boobs and food. While living in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, these boys do work for Ways & Means (duh), Name Value, and Land O' Plenty. They fear vagina dentate, and regret missing out on the joys of teenage pregnancy, now that they're too old to get teenage girls preggers. It's a slippery slope. They also insist that the world ended in 1993. Apparently everything since then has been an unending fever dream. Shit, then we're totally still virgins. Sweet. wegotways.com



## MIKE KOBAL

East Villager Mike Kobal shot our vibrant "Dance" fashion story, but he also gets credit for producing everything, like the concept and the model's energy. This guy is apparently a freaking magician. The photographer is also un-*Missbehave*ly healthy, chomping on Balance bars, running, and cycling. We forgive him as long as he steers clear of Sheryl Crow. We're sooo anti-Armstrong but that's neither here nor there. Kobal hustles his wares for *Let Them Eat Cake, Standard, Interview, ZOOT, Vision*, and *SOMA*. mikekobal.com



## CINTRA WILSON

Gorgeous, svelte, and talented Cintra Wilson, honored us with her literary genius by writing "Trophy Wife". She's authored *Colors Insulting to Nature* and *A Massive Swelling: Celebrity Re-Examined As A Grotesque, Crippling Disease and Other Cultural Revelations*. Cintra is also one of the Critical Shoppers for *The New York Times* and contributes to Salon.com, *PAPER, Rolling Stone, Esquire, Black Book, Surface,* and she has also been known to write screenplays and for TV. After many months of stalking and obsessing (on both her end and ours), we are super glib about having Cintra join our cult…oh I mean…no—cult was right. Nevermind. cintrawilson.com

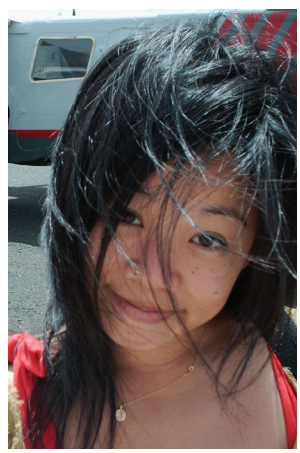
## SIGNE YBERG

Stylist-extraodinaire, Signe Yberg, styled our "Dance" fashion story. This Brooklyn-residing Cancer spends her free time playing Scrabulous (ooooh, we so challenge you!) while tossing back St. Germain, which is apparently some kind of Elderflower liqueur. Weird. But also classy/delicious-sounding. Her childhood aspirations include wanting to be Siouxsie Sioux and her favorite childrens' book is *Sylvester and the Magic Pebble.* She has previously styled stories for *ELLE Girl, Vice, Vogue Casa, Sportswear International, Details, Interview, Rolling Stone, Spin* and a plethora of other mags. signe-yberg.com



## REBECCA LOUIE

Our new travel columnist/GoGo Girl, Rebecca Louie, tortured our wanderlust as she gallivanted around with hot surfers in sunny locales. Rebecca, 31, lives in Queens with her two betas, Marla and Jack, and about 1,000 composting worms (which make for a much cleaner death than being eaten by cats). Her writing has been featured in the *NY Daily News, The Associated Press,* and *USA Weekend*. Her first paying job was penning a piece on colonics for *The Village Voice* (she didn't pooh-pooh the check. Ha!). Her next goal is to write a novel while holding onto the pura vida.




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# ミスビヘイブ! A.D.H.D 27 REASONS We Can't Sit Still!



## MANISH ARORA X REEBOK

Congratulations! It's a couture X sneaker collabo baby! The Fish Fry Collection is the first offspring of Reebok (to whom we owe the Pump and the Freestyle), and their partnership with famed Indian (dot, not feather) designer Manish Arora. Fishmongers as far flung as Dubai and New Delhi peddle the 12 models of outrageously wild & wacky kicks. With names like Sholay, Swades, Dil Chahta Hai, selected from Bollywood blockbusters, these bambinos fetch up to $500 a pair in India. And why wouldn't they? They've got angel wings and fire on 'em. Fish Fry is fitting for even the finickiest superhero fashionphile. For now you've got to pick 'em up in the UK, Europe, the Middle East, and Japan, but they'll be available in the US soon. Thank you India. Even if Alanis makes our brains bleed.—*Alexandra Stielow*

## NEWBREED GIRL




I like Newbreed Girl because they gave me a T-shirt that says "Little Miss Hangover" on it. She's a round-faced girl with pigtails and Xs for eyes—it's as if she was designed in my likeness! This spring, their graphics department has been going bonkers for '80s pop music and primary colors. You can cop yours at Macy's or Fred Segal in LA. Supplementary Factoid: Newbreed makes private label for none other than our favorite mass-market gear peddlers, Forever 21. Yeah, this is/was confidential, but I totally can't keep a secret. Look out for a Newbreed Girl X *Missbehave* collaboration this fall.

—*Samantha Moeller*

## CREAM




Dousing your clothes in Febreze is so last year. Wouldn't you rather whiff your cutest graphic tee and smell vanilla, tutti frutti, or gardenia? Of course you would. Created by 34-year-old Mica Hatsushima and 32-year-old Mayuko Asano (both born in Tokyo), Cream is a line of scented tees based on the philosophy that scent is the sense linked closest to memory. The designers were inspired by the scratch 'n sniff stickers of their childhoods' and are looking to make Cream hoodies later this year. Cop 'em at Charlotte Ronson and Union in New York. Cream. Get on top.—*Joanna Borns*

CREAM PHOTO: MARLEY RIZZUTI





# SOPHOMORE

Dear LA, American Apparel is lovely but some of us have graduated to NYC's Sophomore. Their basics boast sweet cuts and don't rely on metallic lamé for originality. Founded in 2003 as a simple T-shirt line by designer Chrissie Miller, 31, Sophomore now dips Miller's celeb pals like Bijou Phillips and NYC band the Virgins (who both star in her lookbook) in adorable, super-soft cotton hoodies, jackets, and dresses (just the girls). The clothes are so cute and easy to wear, that they'd convince even the laziest hipster to wash and take care of them. It's just way less expensive than buying leggings and tanks every time you start smelling like cigarettes rolled by dung beetles. sophomorenyc.com—*Alexandra Stielow*

# SAMANTHA COSIGNS:

## TRADER JOE'S COSTA RICAN TARRAZU COFFEE



Coffee is my lifeblood. Without it, I'd shrivel up and become a pool of guck like the Wicked Witch. This Trader Joe's Costa Rican Tarrazu is my favorite. Excellent beanage + stunning old-school tattoo graphics=win-win.






# LE BARRICOU

The owners of Le Barricou restaurant in New York City were kind enough to host our circus lingerie photo shoot. We're giving them a shout out for their superb French bistro food, free croissants at brunch (gimme a pain au chocolat), and did we mention the owners are hot? One even models. C'est chouette! 533 Grand Street, Brooklyn, New York.

# KELIS ON... Guys' STYLE




I'm from Harlem. I remember being in high school and hopping on the 2 or 3 train, or maybe the A and D, and seeing all the leathers, sheepskins, colors; those simple first things that attract you to a man. The way he looks, his style, his swagger. I'm putting a spotlight on Harlem because that's my home, but this goes for any location. What I'm not attracted to is the long, and I mean extra long, white or, God forbid, powder-pink, tee. But I bring up such abominations to segue into what I'm seriously over—The Chain Gang.

There are the fools—rappers, athletes, correctional facility officers, bus drivers, bank tellers, and the like, who think that a cloudy tin foil quality chain, down to their belt buckle, is supposed to convince us, and themselves, that they're "doin It." I mean, there are even guys without jobs who feel the need to spend their 3K on a long aluminum chain ('cause for the price they most likely paid, it is NOT platinum, no matter what they were told) when they should be putting it towards a mortgage. Basically men, in a nutshell, should not wear jewelry unless they're gay and/or Elton John. Men should learn to be men. A sleek watch and a great pinky ring works. A coffee table and the tinsel off last year's tired-ass Christmas tree does not. Maybe some grown men adore adornments, but it's just gotten out of control. Perhaps artists can get away with it 'cause they're entertainers but quite honestly, even they have gone too far.

People made a huge deal—like some big extravaganza—when artists (who are essentially irrelevant when it comes to fashion) decided to wear Bozo the Clown-colored shirts. This is not what grown men should look like. Before them, men sported tailored shirts, hard-bottomed shoes, and pocket watches. Now, I understand we are in a different era, but I'm sick of guys only wearing Air Force 1s, jeans, and button downs proclaiming some newfound grown man-ness.

Please, actually grow up, all of you. Stop buying cheap jewelry, stop shopping at Up Against the Wall, and come with it. Dressing properly and being a man is not about money. You should work for a future, so success and money are relevant, but no *real* man with a *real* job needs a Jesus head made of tinsel to prove it. Man up boys.

# WANNA BATTLE?




Plucky promoters Oxy Cottontail and Justine D. party all over the world. In this international installment, door policies and secret passwords are no match for the well-connected duo. Here are their favorite places to play!

*Oxy:*

### BERGHAIN & PANORAMA BAR

Am Wriezener Bahnhof, Berlin, Germany
myspace.com/berghainpanoramabar

Berghain & Panorama bar in Berlin is ridiculously massive. Built for warehouse raves—it's bigger than a Kmart! The bassline booms out to the line of people wrapped around the venue. The minimal cement interior feels like you're stepping into *Bladerunner* or *The Matrix*. HUGE truck tires serve as seats, and on the main dance floor, thousands of bare-chested men shake to hardcore techno (Germans dress fashionably or wear nothing at all). For progressive electronic music, go upstairs to Panorama bar which serves as a safe haven for me and my friends. Jesse Rose has a monthly "Made To Play" party and there is no last call!

### PLASTIC PEOPLE

147-149 Curtain Rd., London, England
plasticpeople.co.uk

When crossing the pond, to party in pounds with the Brits, I always hit up the club with the largest sound system, the lowest ceiling, and the sweatiest dance floor. Plastic People was created for the wisest of DJs and dancers and is the only venue I've encountered in years where the guests and staff agree to a "Lock in" after 3 a.m.! You can't leave 'til after 5 a.m. This place rules, and leaves your ears ringing, your legs limp, and your clothing covered in sweat and the smell of smoke.

### THE BLUE LAGOON

240 Grindavík, Reykjavik, Iceland
bluelagoon.com, icelandairwaves.com

Icelandic people party like savages who eat rotten shark and drink until they can't see—they honestly do both! When my hypegirl Rosemary and I went for Iceland Airwaves (a music festival in October), we couldn't figure out why everyone was shoving and falling into us. Turns out, being aggressively drunk is a way of showing affection. Bruised after our first night out at Barinn (another dope club), we chilled with a few beers in The Blue Lagoon. A 30-minute drive from Reykjavik, this geothermal seawater spa of wellness has massages, facials, and therapy. Go during the festival and see crowds dancing to the sounds of new rave blog house DJs, The Fluokids!

*Justine:*

### BE BARON

6 ave. Marceau, Paris, France
clublebaron.com

From the owners of the popular Paris Paris, comes Le Baron. This plush and smoky former strip club now houses soirees for a dashing French crowd. I love the patrons—sophisticated club goers, not nutty kids with asymmetrical haircuts. At times you'll need a password to enter, but once inside, red velvet couches and curtains harken back to Le Baron's sleazy stripper days. Pick up several strawberry-infused champagnes at a go to avoid the overcrowded bar, which gets hazy and wild. When I left at 6 a.m., the dance party was still going strong. Le Baron recently opened a Tokyo location, be sure to check it out.

### FABRIC

77a Charterhouse St., London, England
fabriclondon.com

Fabric is a well-oiled machine that has achieved international notoriety. The 25,000-square-foot megaclub regularly features 20+ DJs and acts in one night! When I went, Simian was in the first room, The Chemical Brothers were in the second, and Low Budget was in the third—now that's diversity! You can become a Fabric member and skip the queue, receive special promo CDs, discounted admission, and attain what they call a "vague sense of belonging." As a record label, Fabric has released DJ mixes from Carl Craig, Ellen Alien, John Peel, and Spank Rock. The only drawback is the people sitting on the floor, likely in K-holes. Get up and dance, people!

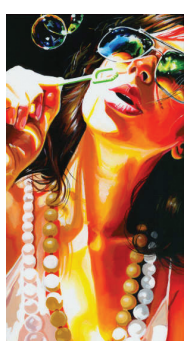
### THE OPTIMO PARTY SUB CLUB

22 Jamaica St., Glasgow, Scotland
subclub.co.uk, optimo.co.uk

I must admit that I'm more a fan of the Sunday night party than the club itself. Optimo, held at the medium-sized Sub Club (located in the basement of a building), is one of the most innovative contemporary parties ever. With groundbreaking DJ Duo at the reigns, the eccentric and eclectic Optimo playlist includes Soft Cell, The Sonics, Michael Mayer, and the latest DFA track with some Link Wray thrown in—anything goes! Also known for inviting bands to perform: The Bush Tetras, Hot Chip, ESG, and Grace Jones & The Long Blondes, have all graced the Optimo stage. Book a ticket to Glasgow now!





## STEVEN SMITH

Stay young forever without smearing animal placenta on your face. Capture your dewy youth by having photorealist painter Steven Smith, 32, immortalize your gorgeous mug with his ridiculously apt brush strokes. This UK-born and based craftsman takes snapshots and transposes them onto canvas, creating whimsical, titillating (ha) bodies (ha ha) of work, by blending a multitude of radiant acrylic hues. Commission one of these pieces for $88-$103, mount it in your home, and be one of those extraordinarily vain people who have prominently featured artwork of themselves. Your friends will be so jealous. www.myspace.com/comewithsteve—*Safra Ducreay*

STEVEN SMITH © STEVEN SMITH










# PIXIE MARKET

Pixie Market is the kind of store that functions as a crack house for the die-hard fashionista in all of us. Friends Gaelle and Magda designed this unique Portobello-inspired market as a showcase for their unique travel finds. Every item is different and the designers are so new, that most of them don't even have a MySpace page yet. Check out Maria Bonita Extra from Brazil, Farahbella from Japan, and Maud, their in-house exclusive collection. It's amazing and will truly knock your socks off. Vibrant colors, kitschy dresses, and amazingly sleek shoes—all at crazily affordable prices. Hurry up and grab what you can, before someone else does!—*Emilia Perez*




# STRIPES



Stripes are awesome. And they're also a fantastic disguise. They made that one black kitty in those Pepe le Pew cartoons look like a skunk. Enough to convince another skunk! Eerie. The clothing line Stripes, named and based entirely on this simple and undeniably bodacious pattern, is designed by 30-year-old Susan Delmonico, who stripes everything from jumpsuits to swimwear. Thick and bold to thin and colorful, these straight lines are surprisingly diverse. According to *Missbehave* fashion director Allison Miller, Stripes is soon to be a "cult classic"—not only because she helped launch the line, but because the staff of this magazine has never been biased a day in their lives. Swear. Stripes is available at I Heart boutique in New York this spring.—*Joanna Borns*




# YASI TRIES... WOOING MICHAEL CERA



*Day 1:*

While I love my misanthropic little kitty (oh Toonces, how similar we two have become), he's not filling the emotional void in my life. So I decide to seek out that special person and begin by listing all my crushes. I summon all of two names—Katherine Moennig, and Michael Cera. Since I'm not a lesbian (despite what my mother says and despite how much I love Moenning in *The L Word*) my list narrows down to Cera. I Google him. Aside from being 19 and Canadian, he's basically perfect. Funny, nice, and tall, he even plays guitar for an absolutely adorable indie rock band called The Long Goodbye. Swoon. I poll some of my friends: "Do you think I have a chance with Michael Cera?" I receive mixed responses. "Do you even know him?" "Wait, isn't he like, 12?" "Sure, Yas, go get him!" (Thanks, Scott). Undeterred by this lack of support, I forge on. I've decided that I love this man, and nothing will prevent me from having him.

*Day 2:*

Michael (or Mikey, as I affectionately call him) does not have a MySpace, and my letters to him via the Fox Network remain unanswered. I'm discouraged, when suddenly my luck changes. While at Starbucks for my daily Soy Misto, I spy Seth Rogen near the Hear Music stand. My mind starts racing. Should I write a note to Mikey and have Seth pass it on? Hastily I grab a napkin and scrawl the words "Michael, do you like me? Check Yes or No. Love, Yasi." Before I can bolt over to him, Seth is gone. Balls. Still, I take this as a sign that Michael and I are meant to be together. (Word up, big man, I hear you loud and clear).

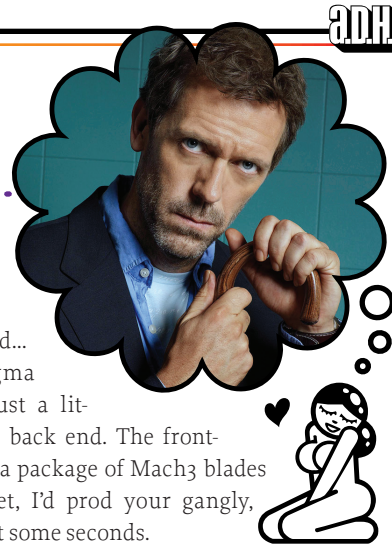
*Day 3:*

I am dealt a devastating blow. Cruel editor Choi informs me that Cera has a girlfriend, some shrew by the name of Charlyne Yi. I am wounded. How could he do this to me? Teary eyed, I look her up on the Internet to find that she is funny and talented (she was the stoner chick in *Knocked Up*). She is also 22. I eat two cheese-



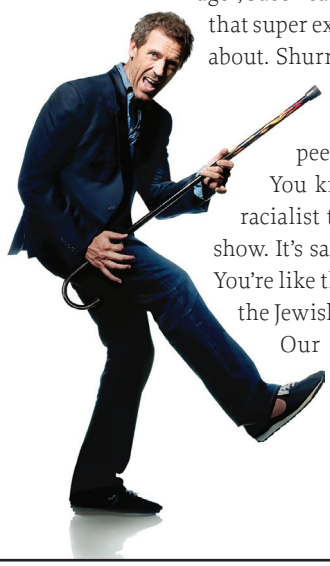
DILF HUNTER

# HUGH LAURIE



Hugh Laurie, you're 48 and you have needs. You live in LA, your kids and wife do not. I don't need a dry erase board, a bajillion years of medical school, and the Socratic method to suss out what you, my Dr. House DILF (Dad I'd Like to Fuck), are afflicted with. It's not infection. It's not cancer. And it's nothing six hours of unflinching hate sex with a libidinous DILFhunter couldn't cure. It's science.

I've brought presents to mollify homesickness—pints of tepid lager, bacon sarnies, and a post-card of the London Eye, that super expensive Ferris wheel no one gives a shit about. Shurrpriiise! Look, I've even popped in fake teeth to appear fluoride deficient like folks back home. Come on, lemme just peel that tee off your putty-colored torso.



You know, I'm compassionate. I think it's so racialist the way you have to "pass" on your TV show. It's sad. No wonder you're all hangdog jowls. You're like the dude in *The Human Stain*. But without the Jewish bit. And the black bit.

Our first bonk would be terrific. But of course, the tone would change. "Don't," I'd plead, watching helplessly as you slip into a guilt-wracked fugue. I'd have to just shrug my shoulders and go use your bidet.

I adore the Brits. As dads go, they're less eager. Less annoying. Less circumcised... But what's a little smegma between friends? There's just a little expunging to do on the back end. The front-to-back end. Upon palming a package of Mach3 blades from your medicine cabinet, I'd prod your gangly, lugubrious body to see about some seconds.



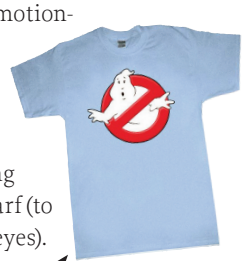
"Shine ya shooooe, guvnah?!!!" I'd bellow, in my best Madonna accent, rattling a tube of Vicodin at your closed eyes and 5 o'clock shadow. At this, you'd reboot. Your malleable moue would move again. And crunching on the pills, dimples dancing, your long, thin, stingy fingers would furiously play the piano. A disconcerting mashup of "Trois Gymnopedies," by Erik Satie and "I Don't Like Mondays," by the Boomtown Rats.

After our third bout, you still shod in Nike Shox, we'll watch an old VHS of "Black Adder Goes Forth" and scorn Rowan Atkinson for his *Mr. Bean* PS2 game. We'll be thick as thieves. That is, until your cued up "Friends" cameo crackles on and you start cackling. Ugh. Turncoat. God, you really are British aren't you? Honestly, who still likes that show?—*Mary H.K. Choi*

burgers and a container of Häagen-Dazs. I am now thoroughly miserable and slightly congested.

### *Day 4:*

Determined not to let Michael's infidelities ruin what is undoubtedly a great love, I make peace with the fact that Yi has clearly taken advantage of his gentle nature. I don't even fault him for it. I spend the day watching episodes of Cera's Internet TV show, *Clark and Michael*. It's hilarious, and after freeze-framing stills of his apartment and showing them around to a few LA real-estate brokers, I've zeroed the location to ten possible buildings in the area. I am edging closer and closer to emotional fulfillment. I thumb through old copies of *Brides Magazine* and begin knitting Mikey a green scarf (to complement his eyes).



OUR MOVIE

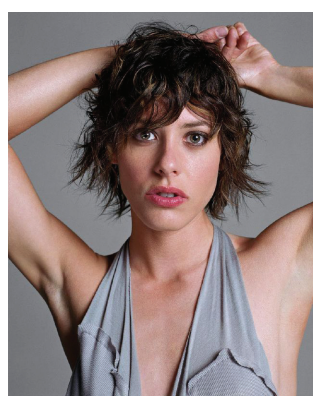



### *Day5:*

My big chance has arrived. Yi is performing at the Upright Citizens Brigade tomorrow, and there I will meet my destiny. I choose an outfit I know he will love—the perfect pair of Vans and a vintage *Ghostbusters* T-shirt. I mentally prepare his care package—indie rock love ballads mixtape, his new scarf, and a Subway sandwich (because I know how much he hates Quiznos). I then spend hours learning to play guitar (well, *Rock Band* guitar) so I can impress him with my musical prowess. As I play "Say It Ain't So" for the 18th time, I screen a montage of our future moments in my head. Cuddling, Adult Swim, Bagel Bites, swing dancing lessons...

### *Day 6:*

OMG. He's here. As I calm myself with self-affirmation mantras ("you are the cutest, most bestest Yasi there is") I spy an unusual number of young girls, hungrily eagle-eyeing my Mikey. Panic creeps. Palms start shaking and consequently, the strawberry milkshake I've thoughtfully smuggled in for him slips and spills all over my painstakingly put-together ensemble. The room spins, flashbacks of junior high Sadie Hawkins crash into my head, I can't breathe, I push past the crowd and run home. If you're reading this, Michael, it's not you, it's me. If you're reading this, Katherine Moennig, call me.






# INTERVENTION

## KIM KARDASHIAN




Kim, I'm worried about you. That I didn't know who you were until Ray J pissed on you, concerns me. He is not a platinum recording artist or an affluent professional athlete and if his sister Brandy is any indication as to what that gene pool has lurking in its depths, there is a 1:4 chance that your children will wade out of the womb looking like Jar Jar Binks. You know, the gay from *Star Wars*.

Look at you. You're a knockout. Almond shaped eyes, a succulent mouth, raven hair, and a voluptuous body. Strangely, photo shoots don't do you justice. In bad lighting you look like someone's mom in a Spanx control-top bathing suit. But a hot mom, the sorta foreign kind you'd meet in a crisp, white, sleeveless button down at an all-inclusive Disney Resorts vacation.

It's never been about family vacations though has it? You come from a broken home. We know you do, so stop trying to indicate otherwise. Your show's intention to portray a household that's "kooky" but bound by "love", isn't really convincing. Quit the denial. This is not the Armenian Genocide and you are not a Turk. No offense. Why attempt the moral high ground when your mom would cougar bang your stepbrother in a heartbeat and your birth father (R.I.P.) defended O.J. Simpson 'cause of their mutual love of golf and similar disdain for white women (R.I.P.).

Kidding. Let's recap your talents... erm... talent. That ass. That ass is freakish. We need to send in a cartographer to chart the confines. There could be treasure in there. Forget bullion, there's florae therein that could cure Lupus and Sudden Infant Death Syndrome. We gotta get a team in there. No, honey, not the New Orleans Saints, a team of *scientists*. Four or five people tops, with equipment. Breathe deep. You can do it. Put your back into it. Ha.

Whatever, you need to get on "The Hills." Woo Brody. You guys live in the same house. Handle that. You're not blood. And speaking of Blood, forget Reggie Bush, maybe you should date a rapper. No, silly, a *real* rapper. Nick Cannon doesn't count.—*Julie Davis*




# SPETTERS



**Title:** *Spetters*
**Director:** Paul Verhoeven
**Year:** 1980

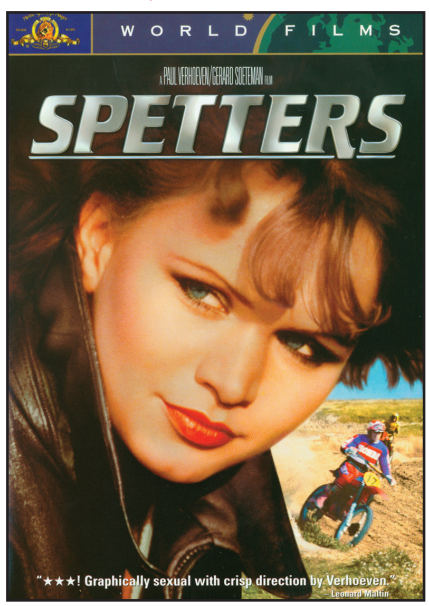
**The pitch:** The word "Spetter" roughly translates into English as "Hunk," and there is plenty of beefcake on display in this celluloid slice of '80s kitsch. Amid the muddy world of dirt-bike racing, four sexually-charged Dutch teenagers find themselves on a turbulent collision course with destiny, encountering breakneck twists and turns along the way.

**Why you should catch it:** Young racing champion Rien, mechanic Eef, and racing amateur Hans share one passion in life—motocross. They dream of the day when they can compete alongside their hero, the smug Gerrit Witkamp, played by Rutger Hauer. Their friendship and loyalty are tested when Fientje erupts into their lives. She's a curvy blonde vixen with an Olivia Newton-John fixation who peddles (and reeks of) fries from her (and her dykey gay brother's) dirty fast-food van. She busies herself by sleeping her way through the boys, to escape what she sees as a life of working-class misery.

Rien defends Fientje from a rowdy biker gang, and it's love at first sight. But after landing a Japanese sponsorship deal, a severe accident dumps poor sexy Rien in a wheelchair, and it's bye-bye big money. Fientje's affections quickly pass from one dude to the next. The hunks don't posses Rien's awesome ability, so none of this ends happily, as they all rev into top gear. It's like an extreme Dutch soap opera with a lil ray of hope at the end.

Long before sexy shockers like *Basic Instinct* and *Showgirls*, Verhoeven directed this high-speed coming-of-age flick. Watch for the wild stunts, authentic action sequences, disco-dancing, and sexual shenanigans, including a mega intense wien-measuring contest! Slip on your best pair of legwarmers and wiggle along to the amazing soundtrack featuring Blondie, Iggy Pop, and Abba. Dirt, sweat, and tears equals pure pulp perfection!

Available on DVD with some nifty bonus features (including a fascinating commentary track by Verhoeven) from MGM World Video.—*Larry Conti*



# STAIN REMOVERS

## OUT DAMN SPOT!

No matter how careful you are, shit gets spilled and you end up looking like a stanky slob. Cop these four essentials and kill that nasty stain.

### OXICLEAN VERSATILE




*Great for: Dingy stuff, smelly stuff.*

Go ahead and purchase Liquid Leather at the "As Seen On TV" store when copping a tub o' this magical powder. OxiClean removes set-in stains and odors that even bleach can't get to. It also won't leave behind that locker-room towel scent. Add a boost (scoop) of the color-safe formula to a load of wash, and peep laundry so fresh it has dice in the mirror.

### TIDE TO GO




*Great for: a.m. coffee dribbles, desk-side accidents.*

Tide To Go fits in your purse, and the Magic Marker size makes it perfect for those sniper stains that appear out of nowhere. It doesn't require water, leave a mess, or have to be washed out immediately—you can buy white work clothes again, even if you stay slopping like the Exxon Valdez. The hands down best choice for treating fresh stains.

### SHOUT ULTRA GEL




*Great for: Period stains, lipstick.*

I had a mishap involving a canvas coat, tube of dark lipstick, and a dryer. Although it took about an hour of scrubbing with the built-in brush, every single spot washed out! Shout Ultra Gel is effective even in cold water, which makes it great for menses mishaps and colors that bleed.

### CLOROX BLEACH PEN




*Great for: Spot-treating when you can't bleach the garment.*

This dual-sided pen keeps whites crisp and spotless without elasticity loss from frequent bleaching. The Clorox Bleach Pen lets you treat small areas without bleaching the entire garment, which makes it perfect for prints. Plus, it's a great complementary tool to my roommate's toothbrush for whitening the grout between my bathroom tiles.

—*Julie Davis*

# PUSSY CONTROL

P.J. RANSONE



Refusing to crouch over an excavation site of fossilized kitty turds and hairy urine clumps, a perturbed James P.J. Ransone, 28, the actor in *A Dirty Shame* and "The Wire," trained his cat, 8-ball, to use the toilet. 8-ball took longer than most felines, and still takes "dumps in the tub, because he's a fucking asshole," but Ransone remains enthusiastic. "I swear by CitiKitty, it totally works," he says. The CitiKitty plastic trainer fits over your seat, and inner rings are gradually removed until meowmers is straddling the bowl precariously, dropping shits like a pro! Not only is potty training good for the environment, it also saves you thousands in kitty litter, and is a sick party trick. P.J.'s friends say it's like "seeing a leprechaun." Get your own pot o' nuggets for $29 at citikitty.com

—*Olivia Allin*






# HEATHERETTE × IRREGULAR CHOICE







As a chubby little brown girl, I would watch *Alice in Wonderland* and dream of the day I would awake as an itty bitty blonde girl with an indiscernible European accent. I'd imagine falling down a rabbit hole, into a crazy fancy tea party. Finally, 20-some-odd years later, I stumble off the Chinatown bus and into Soho's version of the Neverland Ranch, the flagship Irregular Choice store on Lafayette. Danny Sullivan, the genius behind the fairytale shoes (that until now we've only seen on computer screens), kissed babies and signed autographs. Traver and Richie of Heatherette slow danced with giant pink unicorns to toast their "Heatherette Loves Irregular Choice" mashup of rainbow-colored likeminds. There were no midgets with teapots or caterpillars with bongs, but there was vodka. Whatever, close enough.—*Sarah Morrison*

# Reading Lame-Beau




Ladies. I have something to tell you. You cannot understand the enormous power that each of you possess. Every single thing ever done by a male in the history of humankind has been done for exactly one reason—to try and touch your vagina.

Every Sistine Chapel, every Egyptian pyramid, every Mayan temple, every masterpiece, every skyscraper, every business deal, the wheel, the combustion engine, the airplane, and the light bulb all would not have happened if it weren't for some guy trying to get some pussy. That's real rap. It isn't exclusive to major accomplishments, either. The clothes we wear, the furniture we choose, and the cars we drive, all are selected with the intention of maybe getting some.

Even the books casually strewn about our dwellings are carefully selected to impress you. Here's what I'm trying to say with the books on my shelf...




### GRAFFITI BOOKS

*Spraycan Art* by Henry Chalfant and James Prigoff; *Subway Art* by Martha Cooper and Henry Chalfant; *Cousin Frank* by Ghost RIS; *Fuzz One: A Bronx Childhood* by Vincent Fedorchak.

With these books I express that while criminal-minded and "street," I am a "bad boy" who can appreciate the visual beauty within the detritus of the urban landscape. Something like that.

### MY FRIENDS' BOOKS

*The Art Of Getting Over* by Stephen Powers; *Attitude Dancer* & *Attitude Dancer 2* by Todd James; *Beautiful Losers* by Aaron Rose, Christian Strike, Alex Baker, Arty Nelson, and Jocko Weyland; *First And Fifteenth* by Stephen Powers; *Humans* by Mike Mills; *Mascots & Mugs* by David Villorente and Todd James; *Street Market* by Barry McGee, Todd James, and Stephen Powers; *Steve Powers-Studio Gangster* by Steve Powers; *Todd James* by Todd James.

I own these books so that when you come over I can nonchalantly mention that I'm friends with artists. Then, I (fake) meekly point around the room to the various pieces of pricey art I own. Then, I show you those works in beautiful hardcover volumes. Then, I show you the witty, personal note that the artist wrote to me in my copy. Then, I show you the part of the book where the artist thanks me. Then, we take our clothes off.




## HOUSE OF COMMONS



Why gamble when new threads are a sure thing? Enter House of Commons, a new streetwear shop in Las Vegas. HOC hosts sick gallery shows and peddles art prints, sneakers, clothing, and accessories for lads and ladies. This house always wins. houseofcommonslv.com

—Olivia Allin



Leah Rose is the co-host of "Lip Service," a talk show on Shade45, that airs every Monday from 8:00-10:00 p.m. EST. She's also mean as gangrene on the made-up word scene. This installment is...

## Verbal DiaLeah

**Internaho** ( in-turn-a-ho) *noun.* A sexual doppelganger housed inside a seemingly respectable woman.

*Usage*: "Becky tried so hard to walk away and say goodnight to the guy, but her internaho reared its ugly head."

## LUCID ABSINTHE

*Missbehave* writers, like Rimbaud, Wilde, and Hemingway before us, find that occasionally creativity needs a little persuasion. It's times such as these when we call upon absinthe. No, not some pussy-ass pastis, but the real thing. Not since pre-Prohibition has authentic absinthe been available in the US. Using real grande wormwood and crafted in the French Combier distillery by T.A. Breaux (a famous absinthe historian and distiller), Lucid Absinthe is the genuine article. Once the green muse enters our pretty heads, existential expressions flood like plague rats. Not to mention it gets you shattered in a really trippy way. drinklucid.com

—Olivia Allin





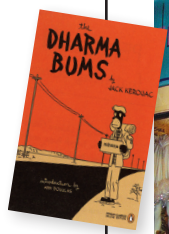

**SAW THE MOVIE, BOUGHT THE BOOK LATER BOOKS**

*Fast Food Nation* by Eric Schlosser; *The Orchid Thief* by Susan Orlean; *The Great Gatsby* by F. Scott Fitzgerald; *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* by Hunter S. Thompson; *In Cold Blood* by Truman Capote.

There are people who are so smart and so well-read that they've read every book. Then the movie comes out, they get to feel all superior and be like, "Yeah, the book really explored the vulnerability of the characters in a much more touching way...blah, blah, blah." I am not one of those people. I didn't even know there was a book but then I feel like a 'tard, so I go see the movie and then buy the book and swear to myself over and over again that I'm gonna read it one day. (I don't).

**I'M COOL WITH GAYS AND POETRY BOOKS**

*On The Road* by Jack Kerouac; *Tristessa* by Jack Kerouac; *The Dharma Bums* by Jack Kerouac; *Visions of Cody* by Jack Kerouac; *Vanity Of Duluoz* by Jack Kerouac; *Big Sur* by Jack Kerouac; *Howl* by Allen Ginsburg; *A Season In Hell and The Drunken Boat* by Arthur Rimbaud



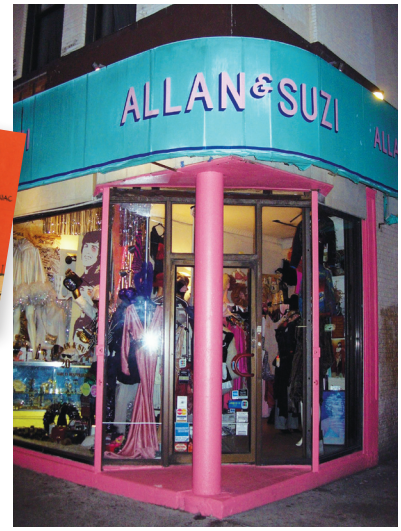

These are to say, "Hey baby, I appreciate poetry other than rap music and I'm totally open-minded, accepting and tolerant of fags."

**THE BOOKS WITH WORDS THAT I HAVE ACTUALLY READ**

*The Godfather* by Mario Puzo; *Wiseguy* by Nicholas Pileggi; *Gotti: Rise And Fall* by Jerry Capeci and Gene Mustain; *Casino* by Martin Scorsese and Nicholas Pileggi; *Donnie Brasco* by Joseph Pistone and Richard Woodley; *Goldfinger* by Ian Fleming; *Mr. S: My Life With Frank Sinatra* by George Jacobs; *Shopgirl* by Steve Martin; *The Pleasure Of My Company* by Steve Martin.

These are some of the books (not counting the art books that are basically all pictures), that I have actually read and really enjoyed.

(Please note that I do not own any books about sneakers. Dudes talking about sneakers with each other is mad gay.).




## ALLAN & SUZI

Allan & Suzi is like my Barbie freakin' Dream Closet. Their store on the Upper West Side, boasts a shoe collection ranging from 1930s crystal-embossed stilettos to last season's Pucci snow-boots. Also, the vintage jewelry and bags will give you seizures.

I hung out with Suzi for an hour and want her to adopt me and dress me in vintage evening gowns every morning. I fell in love with an '80s YSL that should've been my prom dress. Suzi told me it wouldn't be weird for me to date a 17-year-old and wear it to my baby beau's prom. Serious. New mom. 416 Amsterdam Ave., New York, NY.

—Sarah Morrison

## WTF? CRUISES



People who go on cruises are like people who like resorts. Fat-faced folk who turn to each other in their Craftmatic Adjustable Bed and go, "Babe! Let's go to Vegas. Or better yet, Reno!" They sit on rattan patio sets reading *People* magazine while drinking Sex on the Beach with zany straws. If they were a cracker, they'd be Chicken in a Biskit. Not that we're calling them crackers.

The whole practice is weirdly neo-colonial. You bring your entire world with you, diseases and all, and even while at sea, you transport your own swimming pools. It's absurd.

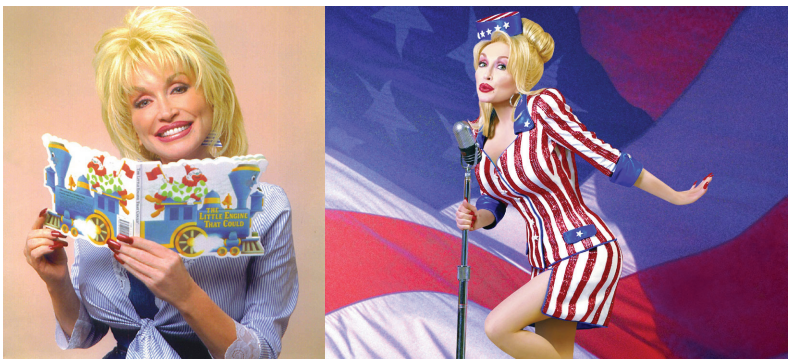
Why wouldn't people, especially those who live in cities, just ride back and forth on subway systems for five days? It's just as anthropologically fruitful. Force work-bound finance passengers to do aerobics in Paul Smith suits. Play high-stakes poker with the high schoolers on their way home from school. Grab a cheap bottle of booze for happy hour with the after-work crew. Force a homeless man to cover some Tony Bennett. Occasionally, you can even get off in up-and-coming neighborhoods for short increments. So you can capture that ever-so-cruise mentality of "back on the boat in 5." God forbid you make direct eye contact with the locals, they will steal your fanny packs and want to braid your hair.

Cruises appeal to people who buy shot glasses and commemorative pewter spoons. Um, hi, it's called Amazon.com. The only reason we'd ever go on one is for the food. We know how to appreciate a buffet. Especially the kind with a dessert section that includes a soft-serve ice cream dispenser. Besides, it's not gross to use a soup bowl for ice cream instead of the little dishes, if everyone else is doing it.



—Sarah Morrison

# HELLO DOLLY



Dearest Dolly,

Two words: *Backwoods Barbie.* Everything about your new album is unspeakably exciting. Dolly, you've inspired us since the '70s and for some of us, that's like, pre-womb. Your performance in *9 to 5,* platinum 'fro bobbing and tiny feet tapping, drove us to pour ourselves a cup of ambition and conquer injustice in the workplace. We fired every man in the office that day. Lawsuits are pending but it was worth it. Your video for "Better Get to Livin'" is not only amazing, it co-stars our other favorite darling diminutive, Amy Sedaris.

We can't believe your national tour has been postponed. We were gonna charter a bus and get weaves made. You must take better care of yourself. We understand the whole, "it takes a lot of money to look this cheap," philosophy. Of course we do, we're *Missbehave*, but you must watch out for your lower back. Bounding around like that, no wonder your lumbar hurts, and your eyes are black and blue. Iron Butterfly, you must fly again. You've agreed to pose for *Penthouse* on your 100th birthday and we want to be there front and center. Well, maybe off-center. And maybe not making direct eye contact with it. All that said, we love you. Islands in the stream. That is what we are… somethinsomethinsomethin… and we rely on each other. Uh huh. From one lover to another. Uh huh.

*—Sincerely, Missbehave*



# Electra Bike

Electra's Amsterdam Classic 3 Yellow Tulip bike makes us want to put on a pair of wooden clogs and do a happy dance. This sweet ride comes equipped with custom light system, leatherette saddle, matching ergo-grips, yellow powder-coated paint job, and a prettily painted rear rack. And if those details don't make your heart go pitter patter, how about knowing you'll be riding in premium comfort? Your next bike ride doesn't have to feel like you got kicked in the ass 5 bajillion times. This bike and matching accessories can be found on electrabike.com. We run these straten!*—Samantha Moeller*



# DEALBREAKERS

In our last issue we had a diatribe against men with taste so questionable we couldn't fornicate them. In this issue, via the Captain and Shark—Patrick Rood, 26, and Michael Cohn, 27—infamous CUT party promoters (with the Captain being the newest addition to the New York-based Trouble & Bass crew), we have the male retort to wack girls.

**GIRLS WHO CALL EACH OTHER "BITCH" OR "SLUT."** "What's up bitch?" "Not much, slut! You know, just slutting around." Great. We can't have sex with either of you.

**GIRLS WITH NUDE PHOTOS SOMEWHERE ON THE INTERNET.** Not only 'cause you're emotionally damaged but because you're Photoshopped.

**WHITE GIRLS WHO USE THE "N" WORD AND THINK THEY GET AWAY WITH IT.** In general girls who talk like thugs suck. Do not ever call me "son."

**GIRLS WITH UNDERAGED TATTOOS** Nothing says preteen whore like suns, goblins, assorted tribal decorations, and nude fairies. If you'd waited until you were 18, you'd have gotten something rad. Like a straight edge tattoo.

**PARTY TOO HARD GIRLS.** We love party girls but we're not wasting boners on the completely wasted.

**GIRLS WITH NO GIRLFRIENDS.** What's with you? You may be some dude's "perfect fit," since you "understand" them so well, but what's really the problem here? And how you gonna hook my boy up?

**GIRLS WHO CHAIN SMOKE.** Are you that stressed out that MAC discontinued your favorite lipgloss?

**GIRLS WHO USE THE WORDS "SASS" AND "FUNKY."** No. Just no.

**GIRLS WHO PUT US THROUGH THIS SCENARIO:**
Us: "Hello."
Them: "Hey you, it's me!"
Us: "Huh? 'Me' who?"
Them: "Oh, stop it silly."
Us: "…" [*Click*]

# Cutest *Missbehave* Subscriber

It has come to our attention that people out there in Magazine Land think our "Cutest *Missbehave* Subscriber" contest is fixed. Holy syllogism, just because all *Missbehave* friends and family are cute, doesn't mean we know all the cute girls in the world. Jeez. We know like 87.3 percent of 'em. Tops. Thing is, don't let this poisonous misinformation prevent you from entering. You're probably really pretty but haven't had the positive reinforcement that comes from getting to shine on this page.

If you suspect you're not actually cute enough, you're probably right. Hurry up and *get* cute. Not with surgery dummy, think about it, this is a subscription drive. It is not rigged *yet*. Rig it. You know what's pretty? Money's pretty. We need it for gummy candy, Ruffles potato chips, and to buy up all those wack girls' magazines. We like to burn 'em and watch the fire as we chew.

**Name:** Patricia Martin **Nickname:** Patri **Age:** 26 **Hometown:** Granada, Spain **Fave pastime:** Reading, painting, traveling, vintage shopping, and trying new brunch restaurants in the East Village. **On your MP3 player:** Regina Spektor, Rihanna, The Killers, Santogold **Fave designers:** Carolina Herrera, Chanel, Hennes & Mauritz (H&M), Anna Sui **You in four words:** Energetic, crazy, vibrant, messy **Dipped in:** Shoes by Steve Madden, ties from Urban Outfitters, dress by Zara, headband from H&M. **Shout outs:** All the girls at *Missbehave!*




PHOTO: MARLEY RIZZUTI

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# Vishnu Were Here

Brahma was born from a lotus that grew out of my belly button. Want to know what it's like to grow a flower that births a god, who then goes and creates the whole world? Pretty frickin' extreme! Fuck yeah! I'm a champ and Brahma knows he owes me. Even on some Hindu polytheistic shit, who is there to really compete with? Shiva? Really? Hello? He's the DESTROYER. What's he done for you lately? Nada. His girl Parvati's hot (even though she's my sister), but the way she mouth kisses that Elephantitis baby mess Ganesh? It's enough to toss your chapatis. Besides, who's got more reincarnation game than me? I've been Buddha, Rama, Krishna. I got hoes in different area codes and metaphysical planes. 16,108 wives to be exact!

I preserve the universe, ride around on giant snakes, vanquish demons, and get my nails did. Look at these shits, they're so nirvana. I don't just put the 'man' in manicure—I'm a god, I can do whatever the hell I want. Oh, so you think that's gay? Well, my current boo Lakshmi is bangin' and she's got four arms, just like I do. Want to know what you can do with eight arms and superhuman powers? Let's just say we got our own Kama Sutra. We make it rain. Literally. You should see the distance she can get.—*Olivia Allin*

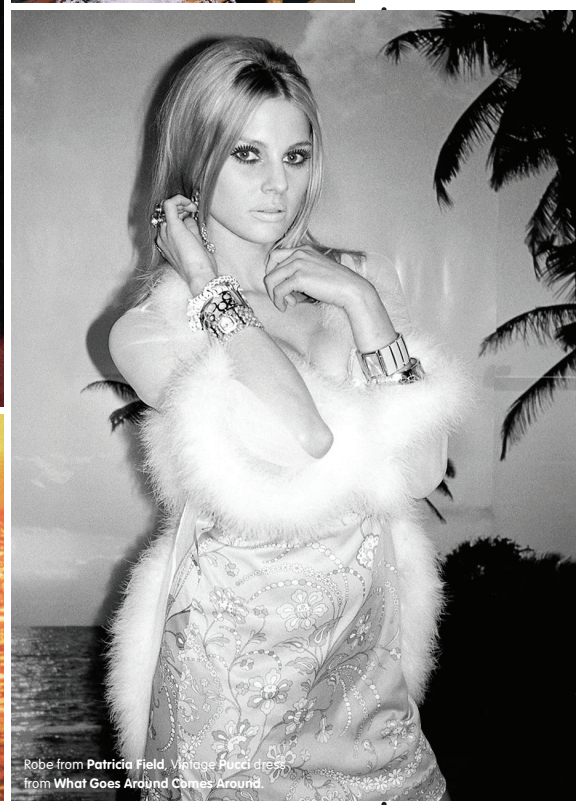
PHOTO: *COLIN MICHAEL SIMMONS* NAILS: *CHRISTINA ZULETA*



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Sunglasses by **Dior**, Earrings are stylist's own, Dress by **Elissa Coleman**, Ring by **Pianegonda.**


Purse by **Timmy Woods** from **Patricia Field.**


Robe from **Patricia Field**, Vintage **Pucci** dress from **What Goes Around Comes Around.**

# Trophy Wife



Shoe by **House of Dereon.**

Don't pick at it! The scabs only last for four days, unless you pick at it. Stop. And even if the Restylane bruise looks like you got a beer can heel-kicked into your nasolabials, you should never put Dermablend on your face. Unless you're a local newscaster.

Can I tell you something? *Get your fingers out of my Cobb salad!* No, really, ever since I swam with dolphins off of Lompoc, I find my twins—Valeska and Bentley—to be suppressive persons. They're 8 now and it's obvious they're so not spiritual. We sent them to Outward Bound. We hope they catch autism. They'd be good at science.

Kir Royales pair nicely with Darvocet, Klonopin, Cipro, and some fungus my Tibetan Bön healer gave me to rebalance my twong. The pillbox is cute, right? It held the shriveled pinky of St. Odo of Cluny; bought it at Maxfield for being brave about the neck lift. *Hi Padma!* [*Barf.*] Actress! Model/actress! Model/actress/author! Model/actress/author/chef/personality/Rushdie Rushdie Rushdie. Oh you're terrible.

Back when we were dating, Hamid promised to kick start the fatwa again for me. That was when he was fun. *Wait, I brought my own doggy-bag.* It's woven from Guatemalan cancer babies' hair. 30 percent of the $970 goes towards making them organic alpaca wigs. They're cute. They have little earflaps.

My memoir? It's tough. Especially keeping it hidden from Hamid. He's been cyber-stalking my CrackBerry. The PI says he's got enough footage of Hamid getting blown by that "America's Next Top Model" to secure the book deal, the screen option, my executive producer credit, the Wii game, and our divorce.

Must stay positive. I'm grateful that today, both my parking, and my emotional needs will be validated. Your lips may be asymmetrical now, but what can you do? You have to accept these things.

*—Cintra Wilson*


Scarf by **Mara Hoffman**, Vintage dress from **Patricia Field**, Ring by **Marc by Marc Jacobs**, Gold bangle by **Justsweet**, Earrings, enamel bracelets & watch by **Kenneth Jay Lane.**

MAKEUP: AYA KOURA, HAIR: TOMMY LYNN LOVELL FOR PUBLIC SALON, MODEL: JENNA @ MUSE

PHOTO: *JIMMY FONTAINE* STYLE: *SALLY THURER*

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# Accepting Christ

## Jocking Skate Legend Christian Hosoi

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Shorts by **Insight**






Heather grey tank by **DC Shoes**



Sneakers by **Vans**



Glasses by **Supreme**
Vintage tee by **Ocean Pacific**
Jeans by **American Apparel**
Sneakers by **Vans**






Visionaire tank by **Richard Kidd**



Fannypack by **Nixon**




Neon skirt by **Luxirie**



Plastic bangle watches by **Nixon**

HOSOI: GRANT BRITTAIN POLAROID: MARLEY RIZZUTI MODEL: BONNIE BLACK

STILL LIFES: *EDUARDO JUAREZ* STYLE: *ALLISON MILLER & SAMANTHA MOELLER*

# Booty Booty Booty

## Cheeky Short Shorts



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MODEL: MARLEY RIZZUTI

PHOTO: *STEPHEN K. SCHUSTER* STYLE: *ALLISON MILLER*




# Air Supply

## Cool Dryers

PHOTO: *CARLIN MAYER* STYLE: *BETSEY McLAIN*


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# Oscar the Grouch

Frida Kahlo and Oscar the Grouch are kindred spirits. This is because eyebrows are the awnings to the windows of the soul. Oscar is best known, however, to less artsy folk for inventing the catch phrase "Go away and leave me alone." Repeated attempts at a trademark were ultimately rejected, despite his ongoing ire with the USPTO (United States Patent and Trademark Office).

Oscar nevertheless made a killing in the real estate market despite doomsday forecasting of the softening sect. His can is one of the hottest properties on Sesame Street. The très trashy-chic luxury housing includes an Olympic-size swimming pool, a grand piano, and a recording studio where Oscar and his Junk Band recorded several underappreciated, pre-prefab angst-rock hits like "I Love Trash," "Let a Frown Be Your Umbrella," and "I'm Sad Because I'm Happy." Decades later, his music remained largely ignored culminating in his losing the Grammy for "Best Junk Band Performance" to the Dave Matthews Band.

Though interest in *Sesame Street* has waned in the wake of such children's shows as *Dora the Explorer* and *Yo Gabba Gabba*, Oscar stands out as a pioneer. His appreciation of trash, vociferous support of the Kyoto Protocol, and his studies of anthropogenic global warming sparked the early beginnings of the eco-revolution we see today. This grouch is indeed green, inside and out. Though criticized for his consistently cantankerous nature, he is prone to occasional outbursts of happiness. In the secret historic cagematch to the death, where he decapitated and then eviscerated the undercover Piru gangleader Elmo, it is said that Oscar the Grouch was actually smiling.—*Joanna Borns*



Hat by **Jeremy Scott,** Bra by **D&G,** Grouch tee from **80stees.com,** Pants by **Alexandre Herchcovitch,** Pumps by **Bottega Veneta,** Recycling necklaces by **Ksubi,** Junk bracelets by **Bess,** Pipe bracelets by **AND_i.**

MAKEUP: AYA KOURA, HAIR: TOMMY LYNN LOVELL FOR PUBLIC SALON, MODEL: KIM MATULOVA

PHOTO: *JIMMY FONTAINE* STYLE: *SALLY THURER*

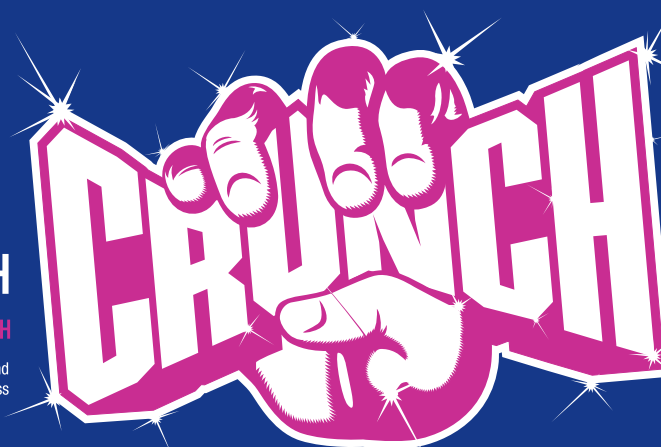
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Clockwise from top left: Red Pow Pow mary jane by **Irregular Choice**. Black Maggique sandal by **Fornarina**. Yellow 8613 sandal by **Michel Perry**. Black patent buckle platform & green Video mary jane by **Ruthie Davis**.

# Sky Scrapers

## Head Over Heels

PHOTO: *CARLIN MAYER* STYLE: *ALLISON MILLER*

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Gogo Girl goes to:

# Costa Rica











**AT FIRST I TRAVELED TO RUN AWAY.**
In 2006, my life hit the fan. I quit my job, lost my man, and got robbed on my block. New York had raised a mean middle finger at me, and like a scrawny, knock-kneed schoolboy, I fled in tears. From a spiritual retreat to the Great Wall, I bounced for half the year. The distance healed.

I'm no longer tripping, but I still love to trip. Instead of running from, I move towards: adventure, possibility, reflection, the occasional hot stud. In January, I spent three weeks on Costa Rica's Pacific Coast. It was primal, at times primitive, and my most physically grueling trip to date. Happy New Year to me. Here are the highlights.

**WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE.**
Punta Banco, The Yoga Farm, January 9th

After multiple plane rides, with one flight on a bumpy 12-seater (JFK to SJO: $129; Sansa flight: $90), I land in Golfito, the banana port turned smelly hell hole some dub "Golfeces." I grab a cab ($70) south to Punta Banco where The Yoga Farm ($175 per week; 3 meals a day), a rugged jungle retreat, awaits. We pass verdant hills and wild coastline on uneven roads. It's getting increasingly remote.

Two hours later, night falls. We turn up a steep hill. The car can't go on. I stumble blindly with bags in the dark. My quads shriek like howler monkeys. Finally, the house. Owner Gabriel Schmerler greets me under a solar-powered bulb. He shows me my mosquito-netted bunk in a 6-bed, open-air women's dorm.

Can't wait to chill on the wild, empty beach tomorrow. But, F, it's all the way at the bottom of that wicked, heinous hill.

**GOING TO TOWN.**
Pavones, January 14th

Puny Punta Banco has only a "Mini-Super," really a microscopic not-so-super with rudimentary supplies. Rented a bike ($5 a day) and rode 40 minutes to Pavones, famed for the world's longest surfable left point break. On the bumpy-ass roads, the seat pummels my privates like an adolescent boy's dry humps.

Gorge on brownie and Internet ($1.81 for brownie, Internet free) at Café de la Suerte. I delight in their pristine *flush*



PHOTOS: REBECCA LOUIE

toilet since the farm has an outhouse and composting loos. Awkwardly hover dancing over separate pee and poo holes in latter, has farm guests—backpacker/surfer/yogi types—confused, constipated, and concerned about one alarmingly tall, beetle-ridden poop pile. Gross. This toilet alone was worth the day-long trek.

**THE PUKES.**
Punta Banco, The Yoga Farm, January 19th

Spent the day hurling neatly in the trees. Not bulimic. Just ill. Was it the gooey, white guanabana fruit at breakfast? Daily yoga practice? Or sweat lodge-released toxins? (Side Note: Why must cheeseballs chant "Bohemian Rhapsody" in the sauna? Wanted desperately to strangle/maim them, but was way too hot/sweaty to move). Maybe my body just mourns the 3-foot-long Mahi Mahi I lost after an excruciating 15-minute fight while fishing on Tuesday (forearms still sore). At least my legs are in awesome shape from climbing the hill like Sisyphus each day.

Way too queasy for the frisbee game. Opt instead to read in the hammock and inhale delicious, syrupy scent of ylang-ylang flowers while watching the sun set. Sipped ginger ale and electrolyte packages dissolved in water, courtesy of Mini-Super. Most of the fluid stays down.

Delicious Jungle Snacks (non-vomitous): Frozen Bananas = Ice Cream. Roasted Old Coconut = Popcorn-like cocogoodness (both free from the land).

**ADRIFT AT SEA.**
Jaco, Vista Guapa, January 25th

I'm at the posh Vista Guapa Surf Camp ($1,300 per week), two hours outside San Jose. This tourist town teems with condos, cranes, and construction. Still, I'm ready for flush toilets, AC, and a private room. Breakfast is made to order (oooooh, bacon and fried cheese!) and we get restaurant dinners each night. Cars (rather than weary, weakling legs) transport us.

I have flashbacks to an old surfing back injury and cry in front of Camp's co-founder and 7-time Costa Rican National Surf Champion, Alvaro Solano. Mortification. Spend the first lesson fearfully working white water instead of catching waves where they break. I drown my shame and sorrows in vodka tonics that night. By midnight, the party's on, but my blood-red eyes sear and seep. An hour later, they are gummy and gross. Dios mio. I have pink eye.

Best Bar: The Jungle Bar. Tourists, surfers, and locals swivel to Latin hits and hip hop. Wack Monkey Bar features comatose uglies, hugging beers and watching surf clips.

**SURF'S TOTALLY FREAKIN' UP!!!!**
Jaco, Vista Guapa, January 28th

I sucked up all fear and put antibiotic drops in my eyes. After all, I'm no sniveling, weepy spectator chick, but a defiant *Blue Crush*-style water warrior. Paddled out to the line-up with fellow campers and sexy surf instructors Alvaro, Alberto, Durby, and Jorge. Catch first (of many) wave(s) and ride all the way to shore. Instructor mantra "Eyes forward! Knees bent!" is on repeat in my brain.

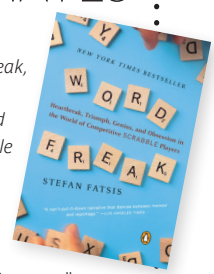
Yes! Getting better each day!! Thank you Vista Guapa surf studs! We celebrate with Coca-Cola con ron and an iPod with speakers. Leaving the waves (and a certain washboard abbed surf sweetie), has got me contemplating a ticket change. But this isn't *The Endless Summer*, and tomorrow, I gotta go.

*Riding Giants* props go to: Joe, Tom, Laurie (birthday girl! 50!), Dave, and 13-year-old Dancing Zach. Camp party people, you are my *Waterworld*!

Visit yogafarmcostarica.org and vistaguapa.com, and hit me up at gogogirl@missbehavemag.com!—*Rebecca Louie*

# *Gogo Girl's* GOTTA HAVES

**READ:**




***Word Freak:*** *Heartbreak, Triumph, Genius, and Obsession in the World of Competitive Scrabble Players*, by Stefan Fatsis. A book of letters. We bought **Scrabble** for the Farm. My first play? "Larceny." Word. $15 (book) $12.99 (Scrabble)

**DRINK:**



**Pipas.** Grab a machete and hack into a baby coconut. You'll go, ahem, coco-nuts for the sweet meat and delicious juice. 40¢

**GORGE:**



**Jungle chicken.** Props to hen slayer and culinary good egg Illona, fellow Farmer, who slaughtered two chickens and then made pierogies for all! Provided by farm.

**REPEL:**



**Avon Skin So Soft Bug Guard Plus IR3535 SPF 30 Sunscreen Lotion.** This two-in-one battles burns and bugs, the only bad things about Costa Rica. $10

**LISTEN:**



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Left to right: Hot Stuff Plushglass lipgloss by **MAC**, Tulip Venom lipgloss by **DuWop**, Her Glossiness lipgloss by **Benefit**, Dreamy sheer lip shine by **TRUE**, French Kiss Co-stars lipgloss by **Lorac**, O-Gloss by **Smashbox**, Tyler lipgloss by **Kissable Couture**, Pink-o-lada lipgloss by **Sephora**, Extreme Sheen lipgloss by **Hourglass**, Pump 'em up lipgloss set by **Sugar**, Downtown Peach lipgloss by **Kiehl's**, Strawberry Melon Fuze Slenderize lipgloss by **Too Faced**, Gloss Appeal lipgloss by **Clarins**.

# Wax Lips

## Vinyl Shine

PHOTO: *CARLIN MAYER* STYLE: *BETSEY MCLAIN*

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# XXIX Games

## Olympics Swag, Sans Steroids



Backstage at **McQ by Alexander McQueen**



Tank, shorts, shades & boots by **Bernhard Willhelm**




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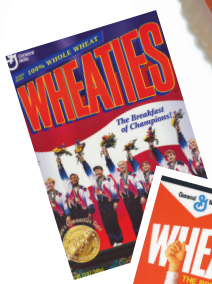

Windbreaker by **Pegleg**

BACKSTAGE: SONNY VANDEVELDE BERNHARD WILLHELM: COURTESY OF BERNHARD WILLHELM

STILL LIFES: *EDUARDO JUAREZ* STYLE: *ALLISON MILLER & SAMANTHA MOELLER*



Tank by **Fornarina**










Indoor Super by **Adidas Originals**



Dress, leggings & boots by **Bernhard Willhelm**



Backstage at **JC de Castelbajac**



Gold bikini by **55dsl**



Beijing Mascots **The Friendlies**




Tee by **Sophomore**




Bag by **Adidas Originals**




Shorts by **Luxirie**


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# Star Search



## PEGGY NOLAND
### spandex warriors

Fashion: 1, World Peace: Zip. Suck it, World Peace! Indie rockstars have the Peace Corps to thank for passing on 25-year-old designer Peggy Noland. "They wouldn't have me," Noland remembers. "I was supposed to reapply in six months." Their loss is our gain, as the snub led the Missouri native to expand her line of rad brightly colored claddings for the masses. Woo hoo. Thusly, Peggy Noland Kansas City was born, and a 35-square-foot store painted like a giant cheeseburger was opened. "I basically bartered my way up to this tiny, tiny store," she recounts. Indie pop band Tilly and the Wall's Kianna Alarid strolled in and scored some goods, among them PNKC's awesome satin alphabet jumpsuit. Word of the hot designs quickly spread, and CSS front-babe Lovefoxxx started sporting PNKC threads, which fetched attention for the middle-of-nowhere brand. The clothing-for-publicity exchange worked beautifully. "How the fuck else could I get millions of people to see what I made?" Noland says. "I mean, I'd have to sell copious 'substances' out of my backroom to pay rent. Lovefoxxx is just keeping me legal. Thanks girl!"

With people like Kianna and Lovefoxxx pushing her designs, living in Kansas City is hardly a setback for Noland, who cites eyelash diva Tammy Faye Messner, and country-girl Dolly Parton, as inspiration. "Right





MAKEUP: PAMELA GALVEZ HAIR: MARA MCDONALD

PHOTOS: *MARLEY RIZZUTI* STYLE: *ROSE GARCIA*

now, I'm into this small-town boredom and angst," she says. "My windows at the store are painted black with the words 'Can you come in?' scratched in them. [It's like] I dare you—it's weird." Despite the spotty foot traffic, Noland does have some ardent fans. "A few sore thumbs in Middle America support me, thank God! I have one collector in town who pays double my price if I won't put it online." Finagle your own at peggynoland.com while you still can. Otherwise, peace will have to take a backseat to fashion again while you maim Kansas City natives to give up their goods. OK! KC!

—*Jamie Murnane*



Marley Rizzuti



*Fountain Twins*, Japan, 2002

# FUMIKO IMANO

## double exposure

"Being grown up means to be a proper, normal adult. And I think it is boring," says Fumiko Imano, 33, a Japanese artist and photographer who has spent her life exploring the divide between herself and her obligations. In her work, the split is remarkably literal—she's best known for her "twin" photographs—images that always feature the same two pixieish, identical girls as their subjects. Both are Imano.

The notion of a dual identity has long been an issue for the artist—a Japanese native, she lived in Rio de Janeiro from early childhood 'til age 8, when she made a rocky return to her homeland. "It was a very difficult time," she says. "It wasn't popular to travel abroad from Japan at the time, so people had a funny image of Brazil. My classmates thought I had been living in the Amazon with tribal people... I was treated as strange, and bullied."

The ordeal left Imano keenly aware that the world was larger than Japan, and also eager to travel again. She moved abroad to study fashion photography at the London College of Fashion, only to experience yet another harsh homecoming, this time facing the constraints of Japanese society as an adult.

"I just didn't want to grow up. I wished I could be [two people]," says Imano, envisioning a personal doppelganger that shared her desire for a simpler, more carefree life. She created her fantasy through photographs—crafting images that essentially made her into her own twin.

Fortunately, Imano also found a less imaginary kindred spirit in 2002, when she met fashion designer and illustrator Charles Anastase during fashion week in Paris, and the two became close friends. She even shouts out Anastase as the primary inspiration for her first book, an 8 cm² collection of her photographs that she self-published in 2005, *Fumiko Imano 1974-2005*.

Now back in Japan—where she finally has a comfortable "nest"—Imano is currently working on a second self-published book of her work. But if you want a copy, you'd best behave yourself—it'll be available by request through her Web site, fumikoimano.com, "to well-mannered customers only."

—*Laura Hudson*




*Anxiety*, Paris, 2005



*We Get the First Row*, Paris, 2006

ALL FUMIKO IMANO'S ARTWORK IS © FUMIKO IMANO




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# JESS WEIXLER
## jaws of death

Jess Weixler in person is not particularly threatening. Seated in her local haunt, Fall Café, the Carroll Gardens, Brooklyn, coffee shop she frequents daily, the bubbly 26-year-old is cute and approachable. Her shiny blonde locks befit her warm smile and enthusiastic belly laughs. Yet, the actress will be introduced to the world in the squirm-inducing horror flick *Teeth* as a hardcore Christian with a fang-filled, cock-gobbling vadge. "Don't worry," she reassures, tongue firmly planted in cheek, "you'll leave here just as you came, penis and all."

How thoughtful. Dig into her past, and Weixler becomes even more cuddly. Hailing from Louisville, Kentucky, the only child of a photo-retoucher father, Weixler balanced punk tunes (Fugazi, preferably) with a smattering of bluegrass and some horseback riding. Her true passion, however, was acting, and she devoted years to a local youth thesp group, which eventually led to her acceptance into New York City's prestigious Juilliard School in 1999. Excelling on stage, she landed an agent right before her 2003 graduation and remained in New York.

After a few television appearances (*Law & Order*, *Everwood*), Weixler signed on for *Teeth*, though initially she was reluctant. "I read the script," she recalls, "And had to ask myself, 'Am I prepared for sex scenes and severed junk?'" An understandable misgiving. In the satirical horror movie, her character, Dawn Cobb, graphically chews off mens' members *en flagrante* in the name of sexual vengeance. Wisely, though, it's played



STYLE: MARCI LEISETH. HAIR: MATTHEW MONZON @ KÉRASTASE PARIS. MAKEUP: ALLA SHOBROOK @ THE WALL GROUP. JACKET BY L.A.M.B.; JUMPSUIT BY CHRISTIAN JOY. RING BY DIGBY & IONA.

PHOTO: *RUVAN WIJESOORIYA*





for sick laughs. Horror films famously treat women like big-breasted cattle ripe for slaughter, but *Teeth* flips the script with a bodycount of despicable men.

*Teeth* has not been without its detractors. "People feel it 'monstracizes' women, if that's even a word," says Weixler. "Women are often weaker than men physically. So for me, it's cool to imagine women not feeling physically threatened." Hell, *Teeth* could even be inspired viewing for boyfriends. "People joke that it's not a date movie, and I disagree," she reasons. "It should inspire men to watch it, and then be heroes in bed. Dawn only attacks when men violate her, so watch the movie and then show her how it's properly done."—*Matt Barone*

# MOONRATS
## lunar tunes

Upon first glance, it's easy to compare the LA-based trio Moonrats (two cute rumpled boys and one smoking hot Japanese chick) to another band with the same composition (rhymes with Shmonde Medhead). If you're a moron, that is. "Our music doesn't sound anything like them. Anyone who would say that is making a lazy assessment," says drummer Jason Echeverria, 30, clearly weary of the slothful analogy. "We all like that band, but…" Truth be told, besides the obvious, the only thing the two bands have in common is really good music.

Born of the union of ex-Pretty Girls Make Graves member Nathan Thelen, 28, and ex-Your Enemies Friends member Aska Matsumiya, 24, Moonrats started out in 2004 as two friends playing music together, for each other. "Nathan and I had been playing where we lived, just playing music in our apartment. We didn't really think about forming a band until we met Jason," says Matsumiya, a classically trained pianist. "We had our first practice, then we were a band." The three spent their first year or so like a couple deep in the throes of new love, removed from the outside world, creating their own little universe. Except instead of love, they made beautiful music together. "We took a big break, and this is like our first year that we are actually doing things outside in the world. We just started playing shows and touring with Pretty Girls Make Graves and The Blood Brothers because those were our friends, in like 2006. That's when it feels like the band actually started."

The members of Moonrats draw from a variety of musical influences, from speed metal (drummer Echeverria) to Big Star (lead singer/guitarist Thelen) to Henry Mancini ("I still listen to "Moon River" every day," says keyboardist Matsumiya wistfully). Their new album is part dreamy, part hard, but all indisputably rock and roll, and will be released later this year. In the meantime, you can pick up their self-titled 7" (out on LA Record) or check them out at myspace.com/moonrats.—*Yasi Salek*



PHOTO: *RONY ALWIN*




# MISSBEHAVE'S GREEDY FOOD MONSTER GUIDE TO AMERICAN DRIVE-THRUS

WORDS: **OLIVIA ALLIN & JULIE DAVIS** ART: **WAYS & MEANS**

Anorexia is played and guilt is for martyrs. *Missbehave* knows the world is going to end, and until then, we plan on consuming the lowbrow brilliance that is American fast food. And we'll do it without feeling bad. We binge like bulimics but keep it down, 'cause barfing fucks up your pearly whites. And by the time we top out at around 300 lbs, our "jolly personalities" and "beautiful smiles" are gonna be about all we've got. Sure, vegans and health nuts live longer, but only the good die young, and until then we want to live large. Literally. When we croak of clogged arteries at 30, go ahead and slap 'I'm lovin' it' on our tombstones (mmm, pizza).

After marathon stomach stretching via crates of food nestled in packing peanuts and dry ice, we can finally say, we ate *everything*. For you. Who else would we endure bedsores, gout, and Lane Bryant for? So spark up a bleezy—that way you won't remember anything in the morning (kinda like drunken sex)—and feast on some grease. Behold, *Missbehave*'s countdown of the top 20 places to stuff your pretty faces.

## #20 SONIC DRIVE-IN

***Started:*** 1953 in Shawnee, Oklahoma.
***Slogan:*** "America's Drive-In."
***Trivia:*** They advertise in areas years before a location exists.
***Food:*** Cop the Chicken Strip Dinner, complete with Onion Ring (only one?) and Texas Toast. Swap the fries for tater tots and cop some Cherry Limeade with crushed ice. Don't bother with the drive-thru, enjoy a classic drive-in moment by watching minimum-wage workers on roller skates stumble towards your car with a fully loaded tray. Then eat like your windows are tinted.

## #19 TIM HORTON'S

***Started:*** 1964 in Hamilton, Ontario.
***Slogan:*** "Always Fresh."
***Trivia:*** Their coffee was rumored to contain nicotine or MSG because it was so addictive.
***Food:*** Canuck coffee at its best and donuts far superior to Dunkin'...and we aren't saying that just 'cause we have a vendetta against that fat, stingy-tipping cunt Rachael Ray. Stick to their famous coffee and a Boston Cream donut...'cause what's the fun in putting things in your mouth without an exhilarating spurt of creamy goodness? Yum-o!

## #18 YOSHINOYA

***Started:*** 1979 in Los Angeles, California (first US location).
***Slogan:*** "Yoshinoya. The Sign Of Good Taste!"
***Trivia:*** Called "one-coin wife" in Japan because salary-men only need a 500 yen coin to pay for a meal.
***Food:*** Try the Beef Bowl-or *Gyudon* as it's known in Japan—thin juicy USDA choice beef simmered with onions in special sauce on top of white rice. Better yet, fly to Tokyo


WaysandMeans 08

where you actually have some menu options. Note to Japan: lift the trade embargo on Yoshinoya katsu curry, or it's curtains for Kobayashi.

## #17 ARBY'S

***Started:*** 1964 in Boardman, Ohio.
***Slogan:*** "I'm Thinking Arby's."
***Trivia:*** The first fast-food restaurant to eliminate trans fats from their menu.
***Food:*** What could possibly be better than the thinly sliced, oven-roasted beef that Arby's is famous for? That beef, topped with thick-cut pepper bacon, slathered in cheddar cheese and Red Ranch Dressing, on an onion roll, that's what! We're big fans of using their seasoned curly fries to clean any extra goo off of the wrapper; that way, there's nothing left for the homeless to get their grubby paws on.

## #16 POLLO TROPICAL

***Started:*** 1988 in Miami, Florida.
***Slogan:*** "Chicken On The Grill."
***Trivia:*** Official sponsor of The Miss Florida USA Pageant.
***Food:*** Munch on a 1/2 chicken marinated for 24 hours and grilled to juicy perfection with a side of kernel corn and fried plantains. Then tear into their key lime pie...mmm, custardy graham-crackery goodness. Plus, hitting up a Pollo Tropical from the safety of your car is way easier than foraging for food in ethnic neighborhoods.

## #15 MCDONALD'S

***Started:*** 1948 in San Bernardino, California.
***Slogan:*** "I'm Lovin' It."
***Trivia:*** *Missbehave* Associate Editor Olivia Allin's dad named the Royale with Cheese!!!
***Food:*** It's all about the nuggs, fuck their Premium Strips—nuggets have those juicy tendon blobs. The fries are bomb, but were better when they fried them in beef tallow, which is why, once again, vegetarians suck. Best thing about McD's is that they're EVERYWHERE and it's fun to experiment in other countries. Wasabi dipping sauce? Oishii!

## #14 ZIPPY'S

***Started:*** 1966 in Honolulu, Hawaii.
***Slogan:*** "Next Stop Zippy's."
***Trivia:*** From only 24 locations, they manage to sell over 110 tons of chili a month.
***Food:*** This Hawaiian favorite kills the chili game. No contest. They've got chili with rice, no bean chili, chili and cheese fries, chili dogs, chili burritos, chili nachos—evidently, chili is the only food that Hawaiians eat besides macadamia nuts and Spam.

## #13 TACO TIME

***Started:*** 1960 in Eugene, Oregon.
***Slogan:*** "A Rich Past Behind Us: An Even Richer Destination Ahead!"
***Trivia:*** The hot sauce was originally blended by pushing a 55-gallon barrel around a parking lot.
***Food:*** What time is it? Taco Time—don't get too excited, pervy male readers, this taco's not pink but the cream *is* sour! Ew. In addition to their tasty tacos, Taco Time has Crisp Burritos (huge taquito-ish tubes of love), cheese-and-jalapeno stuffed Mexi-Fries, and a bangin' Chicken BLT Burrito with ranch sauce—and by bangin' we don't mean finger.



## #12 WHATABURGER

***Started:*** 1950 in Corpus Christi, Texas.
***Slogan:*** "Just Like You Like It."
***Trivia:*** In 2001, the 77th Texas Legislature dubbed Whataburger a "Texas Treasure."
***Food:*** This Texas mainstay combines the two things Texas does best: beef and big. We go for a Double Meat Whataburger, fries, and a fountain Diet Dr. Pepper—'cause kinda like our birth father, we never know when we're going to see his ass again.

## #11 ORANGE JULIUS

***Started:*** 1926 in Los Angeles, California.
***Slogan:*** "The Magic Is In The Drink!"
***Trivia:*** As a teen, Russell Simmons worked at an Orange Julius.
***Food:*** Nothing tops an Original Orange Julius, it's like drinking a refreshingly frothy liquid creamsicle! Don't bother ordering food, it's like looking for hotties at bingo night—humorous but totally not the point. No one likes shriveled old weenies except Anna Nicole. Pour some out.

## #10 LONG JOHN SILVERS

***Started:*** 1969 in Lexington, Kentucky.
***Slogan:*** "Throw Boring Overboard."
***Trivia:*** Corporate offices located on Colonel Sanders Lane.
***Food:*** You'd best be privy to the awesomeness that is the family meal. Sure, you don't have four kids at home eagerly awaiting their Treasure Chest filled will gross quantities of buttery deep-fried fish, chips, and hushpuppies...but the pizza-face in the drive-thru doesn't know that. Plus, who's he to judge? He'll never get laid. At least you have cats.

## #9 BURGERVILLE

***Started:*** 1961 in Vancouver, Washington.
***Slogan:*** "Choose Fresh, Local, Sustainable. Choose Burgerville."
***Trivia:*** They use 100 percent local wind power and recycle canola oil into biodiesel.
***Food:*** Burgerville stays true to its Pacific Northwest roots by using fresh local

ingredients, like Oregon Country Natural Beef, the same dead cow that Whole Foods slangs. They also have seasonal shit, like Oregon blackberry and hazelnut (did you know Oregon is the largest producer of hazelnuts in the U.S.?) milkshakes, Walla Walla onion rings, sweet potato fries, and Yukon Gold waffle fries.

## #8 DAIRY QUEEN

***Started:*** 1938 in Kankakee, Illinois.
***Slogan:*** "DQ Something Different."
***Trivia:*** Owned by Warren Buffet.
***Food:*** Dipped Cones, Reese's Peanut Butter Cup Blizzards, Cappuccino Heath Blizzards, Dilly Bars, Peanut Buster Parfaits. All under five dollars! Bomb. Waiting five hours at the drive-through window for a burger. Wack. Fuck the "real" food—in the time it takes them to make it, your mysteriously gravity-defying Blizzard will have melted.

## #7 IN-N-OUT BURGER

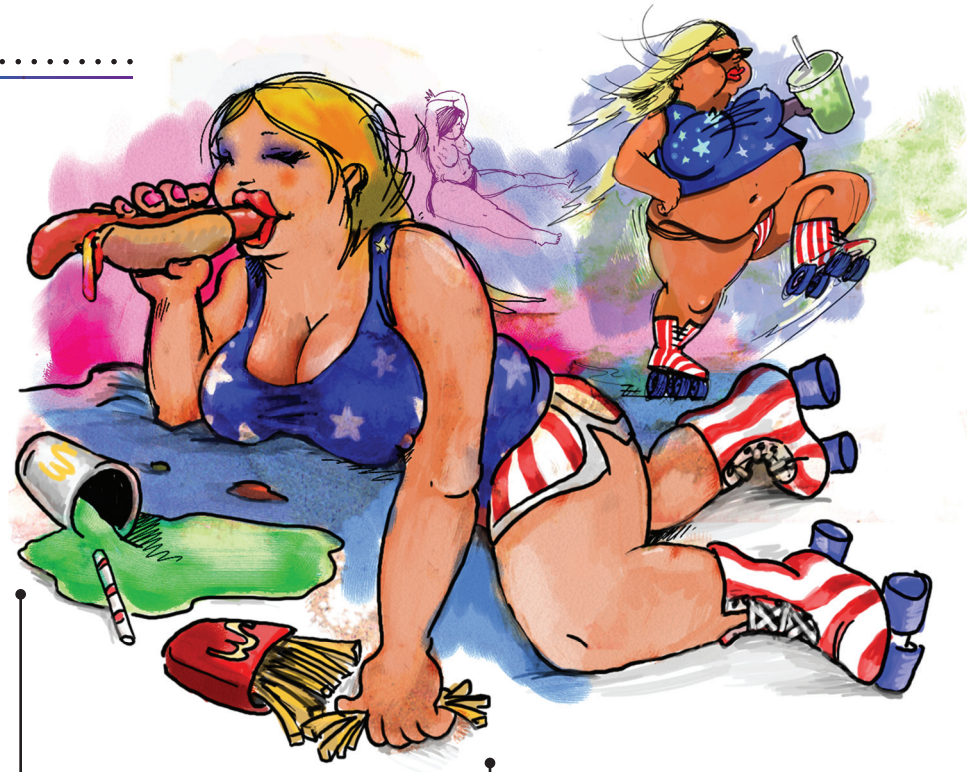
***Started:*** 1948 in Baldwin Park, California.
***Slogan:*** "Quality You Can Taste."
***Trivia:*** They print discreet bible verse references on packaging.
***Food:*** Ignore their seemingly limited menu, cop the secret one, and discover this funhouse of endless beefy possibilities, like a 2x4 Animal Style (two mustard-cooked patties, four slices of cheese, pickles, extra secret sauce, and grilled onions). Make sure to order your fries well done and wash it all down with a swirled Neapolitan shake while asking yourself, "What would Britney do?"

## #6 JACK IN THE BOX

***Started:*** 1951 in San Diego, California.
***Slogan:*** "We Don't Make It 'Til You Order It."
***Trivia:*** CEO "Jack" has a MySpace page.
***Food:*** Thanks to Jack, a toasty croissant coated in mayonnaise, with eggs, two types of swine, cheese, two sides of their famous buttermilk ranch, and some blueberry French toast sticks are available 24/7. Breakfast is still the most important meal of the day—even if it's 4 a.m., you haven't slept yet, and technically it's only a new day for the garbage man emptying the dumpster in the parking lot.

## #5 YUMMY KOREAN BBQ

***Started:*** 1987 in Hawaii Kai, Hawaii.
***Slogan:*** "No One Ever Leaves Our Restaurant Hungry."



***Trivia:*** Korean owner Peter Kim, played football at the University of Alabama.
***Food:*** Feast on a perfect Hawaiian/Korean plate lunch, *bulgogi* (barbecued beef), *kim chee,* and macaroni salad. Kim Jong Il can keep eating golden retrievers for all we care, just as long as Yummy keeps coming correct and canine-free. Dericious.

## #4 CHICK-FIL-A

***Started:*** 1946 in Hapeville, Georgia.
***Slogan:*** "We Didn't Invent The Chicken, Just The Chicken Sandwich."
***Trivia:*** Closed on' Sundays ('cause o' Jesus).
***Food:*** Their barely breaded, whole breast chicken sandwiches, strips, and nuggets are sweet little chunks of poultry gold. One deep dunk into their signature Polynesian sauce and you'll be muggin' bitches outside the NYU food court—the only New York location—for a 10-piece meal and freshly squeezed lemonade (if you're stealthy enough not to spill it).

## #3 ARCTIC CIRCLE

***Started:*** 1950 in Salt Lake City, Utah.
***Slogan:*** "Where The Good Stuff Is."
***Trivia:*** First to offer kids meals.
***Food:*** Arctic Circle uses only 100 percent real halibut in their Halibut and Fry meals. They also take credit for the invention of lime squeezes and fry sauce (basically just a trumped-up concoction of ketchup and mayo with a few other "secret" ingredients). Silly Mormons. Next they'll try to convince us they invented the traffic light. And that Mitt Romney isn't a cyborg.

## #2 SCHLOTSKY'S

***Started:*** 1971 in Austin, Texas.
***Slogan:*** "We Don't Just Make It, We Bake It."
***Trivia:*** Their parent company, Focus Brands owns Carvel and Cinnabon too!
***Food:*** Master sandwicheurs, they don't mess around. Go for a Turkey Bacon Club... it comes with smoked turkey, bacon, melted cheddar, mozzarella, AND parmesan, layered with dill pickles, red onion, lettuce and tomato on sourdough. You definitely won't lose 235 lbs eating at Schlotsky's, but you also won't have to hide 235 cubic inches of loose skin under your polo like Jared. That's the price of "Eating Fresh."

## #1 TACO BELL

***Started:*** 1962 in Downey, California.
***Slogan:*** "Think Outside The Bun."
***Trivia:*** Their "Run For The Border" slogan promoted illegal immigration.
***Food:*** Yo quiero a Mexican Pizza, Crunchwrap Supreme, and Seven Layer Burrito... although it means our sphincters will be looser than the Nordstrom's return policy come morning, those beany bites are worth the gastric disaster. We recommend only eating at Taco Bells where authentic Mexicans are employed. Before we order, we like to say we're from INS, and judge from how many scatter out the drive-through window. ★

# MY BUDDY

## KID SISTER & A-TRAK SITTING IN A TREE



WORDS: **CLOVER HOPE** PHOTOS: **KAREEM BLACK**




It's half-past party time, and Kid Sister is ready to tear da, er, museum up. The domed planetarium at the American Museum of Natural History on Manhattan's Upper West Side has been transformed for the evening. To accommodate a few of Chicago's freshest up-and-comers—the Cool Kids and Kid Sister—the hallowed institution has been turned into a club haven. Pop-locking onstage in a black-and-cream bubble dress, Kid Sister is sporting finger waves and battling bronchitis. Still, our girl manages to sail through fly favorites like "Switchboard," "Damn Girl," and her spunky acrylics-extolling Kanye West-assisted single, "Pro Nails." For this, she brings out 'Ye himself and the place goes wild. It's a blowout of flailing arms, pumping fists, and gyrating hips. Manning the turntables, A-Trak cheers her on, the way a boyfriend would. Even if, like a boyfriend, he can't occasionally help but smirk at all the fuss.

A few days prior, wanting the dirt on their "going steady" status, I'd contacted the two of them in the most effective and professional manner—over three-way. "When we do shows together, it's like *The Lucy-Desi Comedy Hour*," declares Kid Sister, née Melissa Young. "We're just silly and banter back and forth. People see that we're having fun and that makes it fun for them."

Good times are obviously a priority, but lately, this fierce tag team has been rocking parties cross-country, pushing Kid Sister (her debut album, *KoKo B. Ware*, drops late '08) and the label she's signed to, A-Trak and Nick Catchdubs' Fool's Gold. A-Trak, 25, (born Alain Macklovitch) is a Montreal native, the brother to Chromeo's Dave 1, and was Kanye's DJ for several years. Kid Sister, 27, is the latest rap spawn of Chicago's storied South Side and the cocksure author of "Pro Nails," the song with the irresistibly contagious chopped-and-screwed hook: "Got her toes done up, wit her fingernails matchin." Together, they spew electro-pop dance jams and techno-crunk. "My sound is an amalgamation of my black side and my white side, the fun and the serious, the good girl and the bad girl," says Kid Sis in a suitably varied voice (think two parts valley girl, one part hood, with a smattering of Angelica from *Rugrats*). "It's really a paradox," she finishes.

Kid Sister (named after the huge Hasbro doll that was the craze of the late '80s) was the very picture of this paradox growing up. A biracial child, she attended both Catholic school and public high school. She was in a hip hop dance troupe and the gospel choir. She hung around bad girls, yet at heart, Young was a goody-two-shoes. "I was always the ghetto dork. I had bad boyfriends, but was into musicals and stuff. It's just a balance that I've always tried to maintain."

Two summers ago, she and A-Trak linked up in Chi-town while he was performing with Flosstradamus, a collective of which Kid Sister's younger brother J2K is a member. Days spent hanging out eventually bloomed into a full-on romance. "I decided I kinda liked him. Kinda a lot," laughs Kid Sis, who

> “We figured out what we can do by ourselves, and what we do better when we’re together.”



was initially meek about what at the time was a creative hobby. (She’d begun rapping in ’05 while working at a children’s store, where she sporadically still clocks in).

“When we first met, she was really shy about it. It was something she was just playing around with,” remembers A-Trak. “I’d bring it up, like, ‘Hey, don’t you do music?’ And she’s like, ‘Hey, look at that dog! Isn’t that a cute dog over there?’” Her efforts to change the subject did little to derail what he quickly recognized as new opportunity. “It was cool ’cause I saw her as an avenue where I could expand and try stuff out with my production. We could grow together.”

The expansion didn’t stop there. “When we met, he was thinking about starting a label,” affirms Kid Sis. “It all just worked out, right place at the right time, and everything fell right into place.”

Serendipity is all well and good, but the duo still had to work, logging countless studio hours and creating tracks. The two got close—like, summer camp close—but these days, they spend less time behind the boards. When not on the road, they see each other about twice a month, for several days at a time. “That’s not enough for me!” exclaims Kid Sister of the exasperating schedule, “Let’s move on to our next topic! We’ll talk about that later. Next!”

Though sometimes unbearable, the distance created with the two of them living in separate cities—she in Chicago, he in New York—does make their reunions that much sweeter. “The time that we have together is just Fun Quality Time rather than Big Pressure Deadline Studio Time,” says Kid Sis. “It makes it a lot easier to just enjoy each other’s company, rather than give creative criticism and talk about business all the time.”

For A-Trak, too, it’s about ensuring that pleasure trumps business. “Our lives are so crazy, but we can each do music on our own time and then just check in,” he says. “I don’t want the music and the business stuff to take over everything.”

Tricky, considering their professional chemistry is hot, evidenced by Kid Sister’s single “Pro Nails.” The famously impossible-to-please Kanye was eager to guest on the song after A-Trak played him an early version. “He would play it for his girl, and he would always be singing the hook,” says A-Trak. “But the thing with Kanye, he gets really excited about music, period. This is not the first song of mine that he said he wanted to jump on. The guy’s incredibly busy, so it’s not like I checked up on him, like, ‘Yo, did you rap on it?’”

Months passed before Kanye hit A-Trak back, ready to lay his verse. And guess what? The whole time, Kid Sister had no idea about the potential cameo. A-Trak says, “I never told Melissa any of this because…” “I would’ve freaked out!” she interrupts. “Like, ‘Oh my God, are you serious?!’”

Keeping it on the low, though, was A-Trak’s way of shielding his girl and artist from potential disappointment. “In this industry I’m used to hearing promises, so I was protective of her,” he explains. “I just didn’t want Melissa to get too excited until it really happened.”

Still, there are instances when A-Trak thinks Young’s starry-eyed outlook works to her advantage. Like when she’s in the studio and wants to experiment with zany ideas. “Having been in this world for a while, maybe I’m kind of stuck in my ways,” he admits. “Whereas with Melissa, all this stuff is new. If you listen to the song ‘Switchboard,’ she recorded that in Chicago without me, and the whole second half of it she’s like, knocking percussion with her knuckles on a table and saying these dance chants in between. If I was there and she was like, ‘Ok, now I’m gonna make a drum beat with my knuckles,’ I’da been like, ‘No, what?!’ But she did it and she sent it to me and I’m like, ‘This is brilliant. I love it.’”

Ok, love is love, but what’s it really like working together as a couple? There’s dead silence on A-Trak’s end. “Hello?” says Kid Sister expectantly. No response. It gets really awkward. Thankfully, it was like one of the AT&T dropped call commercials, and A-Trak calls back to respond. His answer is sincere and sweet. “I like it. I think we learned to keep some space and some special time. We kind of figured out what we can each do by ourselves,” he says, “and what we do better when we’re together.” ★



STYLINGBYIMBA.COM

Styling by **Imba Finnbogadóttir.** Jewelry by **Bijules**, Tank by **James Perse**, Skirt by **Birna**, Shoes are Kid Sister's own. On facing page: Rainbow balloon dress by **Aftur**.

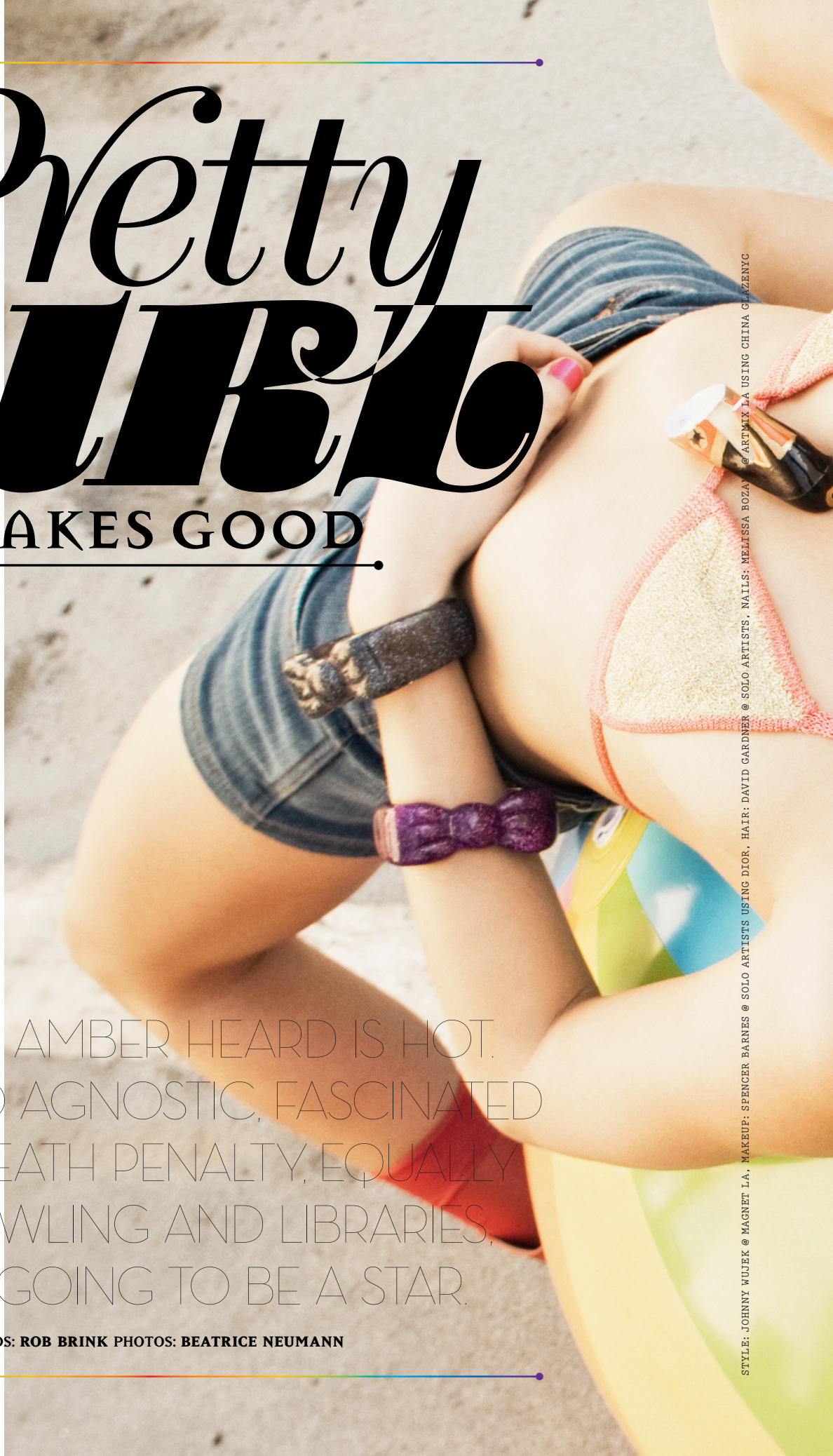
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# Pretty GIRL

## MAKES GOOD



STYLE: JOHNNY WUJEK @ MAGNET LA. MAKEUP: SPENCER BARNES @ SOLO ARTISTS USING DIOR. HAIR: DAVID GARDNER @ SOLO ARTISTS, NAILS: MELISSA BOZAJ @ ARTMIX LA USING CHINA GLAZENYC

ACTRESS AMBER HEARD IS HOT. SHE'S ALSO AGNOSTIC, FASCINATED BY THE DEATH PENALTY, EQUALLY INTO BOWLING AND LIBRARIES, AND IS GOING TO BE A STAR.

WORDS: **ROB BRINK** PHOTOS: **BEATRICE NEUMANN**

Styling by **Johnny Wujek.**
Bikini top by **Ashley Paige**, Shorts by **Jovovich-Hawk**, Boots by **Miu Miu**, Necklace by **Originales By Rosie**, Other accessories are stylist's own.

> "I need to look at your wardrobe on Xanax."

twitters 21-year-old actress Amber Heard as she approaches the stylist and his racks of clothes, before effusively hugging him. She eagerly fingers a bubblegum pink pair of patent leather shoes. "I love a man with a great pair of heels," she remarks and moves on to ogle other fineries. Heard has bed head, and from the looks of her, you'd swear it was about 8 a.m. on New Year's Day. But we're all smiling—about eight of us, as she grabs a coffee and perches on a stool. "I love my gays!" Heard squeals while gesturing to the room. She bobs her head in time to the tugs of one of the aforementioned homosexuals. He's pulling insistently on her matted hair while another commandeers her feet for a pedicure. Yet another grooms her brows; with every third pluck, her eyes spring tears, but so goes the strife of a budding starlet.

Austin-born Amber Heard is ecstatic. 2008 is looking exciting, with three movies coming out, starting with *Never Back Down* with the Oscar-nominated Djimon Honsou, then *Pineapple Express* with Seth Rogen, then *The Informers*, the Bret Easton Ellis movie with Winona Ryder. The actress' star is rising, which three years ago seemed improbable to everyone in the Lone Star state. Her family was adamantly against her pursuit, citing odds, unlikely probabilities and the cost of mistakes, so the bullheaded actress skipped town and lit out for LA. She hasn't looked back.

Today, on her first cover shoot, Heard happily basks in the attention and in a coyly exaggerated Texas accent regales us with stories of going to the shooting range with her dad—and again apologizes to her beauty SWAT team for her hair. They, however, are far more interested in exalting her impending "it girl" status, and the fact that she was the "belle of the ball" at a recent fashion party. It was amongst this melee that we conducted our interview and by the time it ended, she was changed from the prettily tired Amber to the scorching hot version you're about to see. Maybe it's 'cause I'm a guy, but if you'd undergone this transformation, dude, you'd love your gays, too.

**You transitioned from modeling to acting; how did you make the leap?** My father persuaded me to take classes, and my first agent in Austin paid for them. I'd always wanted to be an actress. I did it in high school and fell in love with it, but I was distracted by the modeling industry because I wanted to travel and get out of my hometown. It was the easier ticket.

***Friday Night Lights* was your first movie, it must have been comforting that it was a football movie based in Texas.** Yes, there was an honesty to the character that made it easier for me to connect with. But after I did that, I was ready to get the hell out. [*Laughs*]

**Did you always want to move to Hollywood?** Not specifically to Los Angeles. I love Texas and my hometown, but a lot of the reason I do this job is because I want to travel—do what I love, but travel.

**Did the prospect of leaving high school to pursue acting scare you at all?** It wasn't scary at all. In retrospect, I'll think, "God, I don't know how I did that." And now that I'm mature—well, more mature [*laughs*]—I realize how silly it must have sounded to everyone else. At the time, the more people told me not to do it, and that I should be scared, the less scared I got. I just did it. It knew it was the right time, and I knew I wasn't making a mistake. Turns out I was right.

**You say that so decisively.** Well, I headed out to LA during *Friday Night Lights* and met with an agent that I'm still with. I told my parents I was leaving the day before I got on the plane. I left the next morning and haven't looked back once.

**Pretty ballsy. You moved your sister out here afterwards too, didn't you?** I made sure she graduated high school, then put her on a plane, moved her, and put her in college. I'd been in LA two years and felt there were opportunities out here—not just in acting. You have access to more in a city like Los Angeles. Austin, on the other hand, it felt like the place where people go when they're comfortable and settled. To be honest, I love my sister more than anybody else. I wanted her with me for selfish reasons also.

**What's your schedule like?** I'm always working and traveling. When I'm not traveling, I'm working, and when I'm not working, I'm traveling. I'm immersed in the job. I love it. If I do get some free time, I read, I am an avid reader.

**What are you reading?** A really great book by Christopher Hitchens called *The Portable Atheist*, I'm reading *US News* about some discoveries on the secrets of Christianity, and a book about Pakistan.

**I saw your profile on the Web site "Friendly Atheist." So, that's your thing huh? I mean, that you're... *practicing* atheism?** Yeah, that's great. I love a good oxymoron. No, I'm not a *practicing* atheist. I'm a practicing human and I know how that sounds but I'm learning everything I can about being human. I was raised in a strict Catholic environment, and the only thing I feel comfortable saying that I know is that I can't know. I will never subscribe to an organization that claims to tell me how to do anything. I'm not anti "higher power", so you could call me agnostic. Whatever, call me anything but I will never be a "religious" person.

**There was an open letter on the site asking you to be the Atheist spokeswoman.** You have to love the irony—an organization based on the belief system of telling you *not* to believe in any organization based on belief systems...

**Do you think if you weren't raised in that crazy Catholic environment you'd feel the same way? Anyone I know that grew up Catholic is so against it now.** I'm grateful I was raised in a way that gave me enough knowledge on organized religion. I could then make the adult decision to live without it. I don't think you can believe or not believe in anything unless you know. I know Christianity, especially Catholicism, and my education has given me the freedom to know that, for me, it is completely absurd to believe.

**Since you're not down with Jesus, who do you hang out with out here? Do you have trouble mixing work with a social life?** I've lived here for like three-and-a-half years—maybe longer, and [*laughs*] I don't



really have many friends. I don't have time to make a bunch of fairweather ones. It's a pretty popular practice in LA but I'd rather have a few great friends than a bunch of random people that I call "friends."

**Do you want to be famous?** It's my goal as an actress to have a performance that the audience likes. And I imagine that if I become "popular" or "famous," or whatever you want to call it, that it's partly because people enjoy the work that I do. But a lot of times when people become famous, there's too much other bullshit that goes with it, and sadly, it pulls them off track. I don't know, but I don't want to be those people.

**How hard is it not to be?** You know, it's hard. You have a lot of opportunities to stray from your career. It's so easy to get distracted in a place like this and this is *the* industry for distraction.

**Does it bother you to read about yourself?** No. I'm an actress. I've chosen roles because I can appreciate that they're a written character and not me. I choose and take on roles that are nothing like me, so there's nothing a stranger could say about me that I'd take seriously.

**But that's not how things work these days, especially with tabloids and TMZ and all that stuff. They're not talking about your performance—they're talking about you.** Again, if I'm going into this line of work, there's a certain part of me that I'm ready and willing to give and show the world. The things that I want to keep private—and I do have a private life—I will try to make it so that no one will write about it.

**Good luck with that. So what role has presented the largest challenge?** I did *All the Boys Love Mandy Lane* and it's as far from me as you can get. It requires focus, concentration, and understanding to prepare for taking on someone else's life. Especially if they're nothing like you. My character Christie in *The Informers* is completely different, too.

**I heard you once dropped 25 pounds for a role. Has that been the most physically grueling things you've had to do for work?** It's a part of my job. I'm happy to change how I look, whether it's my hair or my weight, for the character. I hate to diet, but you have to take on the role properly.

Sure, you have to be strong and careful because this industry is built on rejection. Build thick skin—it's important. I guess it's important no matter what industry you're in, but this one especially.

**And now you're the "hot girl."** We all get pigeonholed into a look or character. Now of course all I want is to escape that. I want do ugly or difficult to watch because it's always more interesting.

***Mandy Lane* has been completed, got rave reviews at film festivals, but is only just being released. How frustrating was that?** It's hard. It's like you've worked on a project or a painting that even you can't see.

**Does that dissuade you from selecting larger roles in smaller movies like *The Beautiful Ordinary* vs smaller roles in larger films?** If all small, independent, art house, low-budget—but artistically fulfilling— movies were incredible, then that's all I would do. For the rest of my life. And I would be poor.. for the rest of my life [*laughs*]. It's really about the script that I most connect with at the time.



> "There's nothing a stranger could say about me that I'd take seriously"

**How did you end up getting the role in *The Informers*?** I read the script and halfway through, I had to... "call my representatives." By the time I'd finished reading it, I was 100 percent on board. People were nervous because the movie's based on a book that was, for a lot of critics, hard to swallow. But I loved the story and wanted to do it.

**Yeah, people have problems with Bret Easton Ellis. He wrote *American Psycho,* which was banned in Canada. Did you read *The Informers*?** No. I was told I shouldn't but I have heard that the book was much more graphic, more intense, more violent, and much darker than the screenplay.

**Less graphic? Lame.** But it's shot so beautifully and it's going to be great.

**Let's talk about your comedy.** Sure. I'm actually really excited about *Pineapple Express.* It was the most fun set I've ever been on.

**The *Missbehave* girls are obsessed with marrying into the whole Judd Apatow**

RETOUCHING: MIZUE ASADA & KRISTEN LOTTO @ GLOSS STUDIOS NYC



Swimsuit by **Mara Hoffman**, Gold tank by **Maude Loves Suss**, Heels by **Sonia Rykiel**, Enamel bangle by **Noir**, All other accessories are stylist's own.

**camp. Burst their bubbles, give us the real dirt on them.** [*Laughs*]. Like I said earlier, I have a very small group of actual friends. But I can honestly say that Seth [Rogen], Judd [Apatow], Jonah [Hill], and Michael [Cera] are every bit as great off screen as they are on. They're amazing. And hilarious. They're all just the funniest people I've ever been around.

**That's it? Well, is there anyone you fantasize about working with one day?** I got to work with Niki Caro a couple years ago in *North Country*. That was the one director who before I became an actor I said I would do absolutely anything to work with. I also love Tony Scott. There's so many good directors I can only hope that someday I'll have the opportunity.

**How about actors or actresses?** I really appreciate Hilary Swank and Charlize Theron. Women who I look up to and admire. Of course I wouldn't mind working next to a couple good-looking guys either [*laughs*].

**Ha. So other than acting with hot dudes, why else did you want to be an actress?** Movies are powerful. And these days, they're so effective at getting messages across. People don't read anymore. If I can be in movies and influence people… I can only dream of some day moving people the way I've been moved by film. I just want to do good work and I want to be a good artist. I saw *Whale Rider* recently, and the whole movie is brilliant but something about that performance…

**Let's do James Lipton rapid-fire. Best professional advice you've ever gotten?** Peter Berg, a director and friend, said that I was in the unique position to do what I love and that I had to commit. He said, "Don't listen to anything anybody says and go for it." I think it was the way he said it. But the advice changed my life.

**Something about you that people don't know?** My bowling skills. I don't wanna brag or anything, but they're crazy.

**Favorite pastime?** Reading about religion. I'm facinated by every religion out there because it changes the whole world. Religion shapes government and starts wars. It's all about the non-fiction section of the Beverly Hills Library.

**Whoa. I haven't heard the library mentioned in ages.** Love that place. Day before yesterday, I spent five hours there. Read a little about the death penalty. The Supreme Court is reviewing its constitutionality for the first time since the 1800s or something insane like that. So now I'm a little obsessed with death row. I get into these topics, like that or whatever random thing it is, and I lose hours learning about it.

**Favorite food?** Any kind of alcoholic beverage [*laughs*]. Um, yeah, kidding.

**Last movie you saw?** *Atonement* [*making suicidal, wrist-slitting motions*].

**I take it you didn't love it?** Hated it. Loved *Juno*. That was the last movie I will admit to watching and loving. I thought it was brilliant and hilarious.

**Last lie you told?** The previous 45 minutes of my life.

**Nice. Last thing you broke?** I'm the biggest klutz in the world. I've never met a more klutzy person. I can break anything I touch. Whether its bones or high heels or cars. Things I hit with cars. I'm not kidding. I break everything…or lose it. If it's not lost… well…actually if it's lost it's probably safe. If I haven't lost it, I've broken it.

**Most horrifying or surprising thing you have experienced in Hollywood?** Nothing shocks me in this industry anymore. I don't think I've been surprised since the moment I got to Los Angeles—or after about a week of being there. Hell, I'd love to be surprised. ★




# RIDE THE LIGHTNING

SHATTERED BONES, OBLITERATED ORGANS, FISTFULS OF PAIN PILLS, AND AN UNPARALLELED ADRENALINE RUSH: MEET THE MASOCHISTIC MEMBERS OF METAL MULISHA.

WORDS: **SERENA KIM** PHOTOS: **BROOKE NIPAR**







Like a plastic action figure, the motocross rider in the distance launches noisily off a massive dirt ramp. Hurtling into the blue desert sky, the rider lets go of the handlebars and releases his legs, separating completely from the dirt bike. Somehow he floats back and grabs the seat, astoundingly reuniting with the machine. Wheels touch ground. The flight is over. He is earthbound again.

"Doing the trick in the air feels a lot longer to us than to those who are watching it," says Ryan "Fluffer" Hagy, 24, one of the riders who was zooming around the track earlier in the day. "Once you get it dialed, it's a good feeling. You look at the still photos like, 'Wow, that was me!' It's pretty cool to see yourself hanging off the back of your bike, doing something 100 feet in the air with a 30-foot gap."

As many FMX (Freestyle Motocross) riders can attest, the sport is hard on the body. It's common for riders to break dozens of bones, lose organs, and sustain all manner of serious injuries. "It's like getting into a car crash every single time you go riding," says Jeff "Ox" Kargola, 24.

Before the late 1990s, when Brian Deegan, 32, and his rowdy cohorts, (who would eventually become Metal Mulisha) emerged belligerently onto the moto scene, the only career path for dirt bike riders was racing supercross. Much the way early snowboarders were action sport renegades rebelling against skiing or how street skateboarders busted out of the post-vert era, so too did freestyle motocross break away from the more established supercross scene.

Metal Mulisha is the elite. It is the founding crew of the breakneck world of freestyle motocross. They have the most FMX medalists at the X Games. Deegan is the Guinness Book Record holder for number of FMX medals. They ride at over 40 events a year, appearing at NASCAR races in front of throngs of cheering rednecks and they even model their tattooed torsos in high-falutin' mags like *Esquire*. Metal Mulisha is also a clothing line featuring aggro looking T-shirts for men, women, and even kids. To gain an appreciation for the aesthetic, Deegan says that Metal Mulisha is one of the top brands sold at military bases around the world. Accordingly, Metal Mulisha is able to pay their riders salaries, from $40,000 to $50,000 on the lower end and into six figures on the higher end.

Deegan, is the RZA of the crew. Born into a family of teachers in Omaha, Nebraska in 1975, Deegan started riding dirt bikes at age 8. Standing a lean 5'9" Deegan was too small to play football, but had the competitive bloodthirst, which he directed into dirt bike riding. He beat everyone in Nebraska and yearned to move to California to compete. At age 18, he left his family and trucked out west to try out racing for a year. Shortly after, he got a factory sponsorship and after that, first place at the Los Angeles Supercross.

Deegan and his friends, like Ronnie Faisst, 30, the infamously Tourettic Jeremy "Twitch" Stenberg, 26, and Colin "Scummy" Morrison, 25, started writing "Metal Mulisha" on their dirt bikes with Magic Markers in 1998. "The name just fit. We thought it sounded good for a group of guys who were outcasts and the rebels of dirt bikes," says Deegan in his nasally extreme moto-dude cadence. "We didn't fit the mold of the regular supercross guy with the collared shirt and his hair parted to the side. We had tattoos, we were flippin' people off. We were breaking rules and setting the standard."

"Whoever says they wouldn't want to ride for Metal Mulisha when they were little is a liar," says Jeremy Lusk, 23, one of the younger members of the crew, while leaning on the back of a pick-up truck. "I always wanted to ride for them," he reasons.

After the session, most of the riders are mingling and munching on Subway sandwiches on the patio of Deegan's large beige ranch home in Temecula. The house has an impressive infinity pool lined with wispy palm trees. Beyond the pool's horizon is a vast track with a series of dirt mounds, ramps, and gaps. A young husky with one blue eye and one brown eye cavorts with the children on the property. The many boys and girls, the offspring of Metal Mulisha, are mostly wearing skate shoes and hoodies. Some of the children ride on dirt bikes and hang off of a bulldozer used for pushing earth around.

Temecula, a remote rural town 60 miles north of San Diego, is Mecca for dirt bike riders. Most of the Metal Mulisha riders—the team has somewhere between 14 and 19 members—live within five miles of Deegan's dirt wonderworld. "We have the best riders in the world doing the gnarliest tricks in my backyard," he says. "No crowds, no chicks, no cameras. That's how freestyle motocross started."

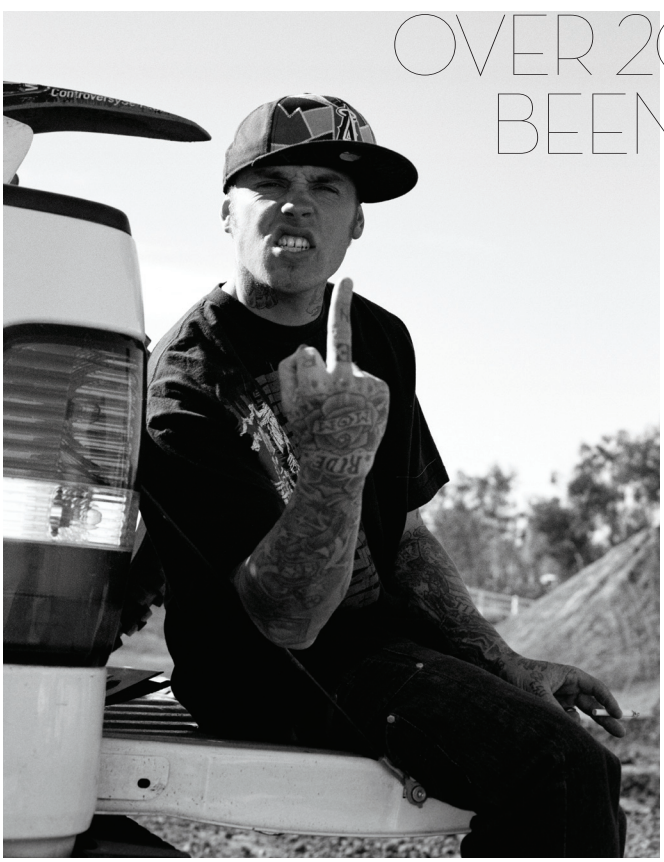
As Metal Mulisha matured, the brotherhood began attracting younger riders. But gaining entry wasn't easy for wannabes. Though there is no official hazing process or "jumping in," new riders are forced to put in work. They're enlisted to do menial chores, like picking up trash and mowing Deegan's land. They're mercilessly derided and picked on until even some of the hardest ones start to cry.

and pin it, and throw rocks all over them." He states, in an almost comedic solemnity.

Veterans can spot such outsiders by the way they wear their gear, or "run it" as the vernacular goes. "If your visor on your helmet is too far down, you're considered a fag," says Morrison, who pronounces "fag" like "fegg." "Some people run it, and think it's so cool. But we look at that and say, what a fegg!" It is the burden of crew elders apparently to correct any such misconceptions.

These guys take macho to gonzo testosterone-fueled levels and despite the breezy bravado, they're aware that they have to stare death and paralysis in the face every time they make their living. Last time Deegan was on *Viva La Bam*, he crashed so badly that he lost one of his kidneys. He nearly died. There's footage of doctors slicing into layers of skin, fat, and muscle on his Web site. "I've had rods and screws and plates in my body, and I had to go and get them taken out," says Deegan. "Everyday I'm living in pain. You're walking into a voluntary surgery. It's like I'm almost addicted to surgery. I've had well over 20. Each time has been a bad one." For days, Deegan struggles to overcome the effects of the anesthesia and his ongoing addiction to painkillers.

> "EVERY DAY I'M LIVING IN PAIN. I'M ALMOST ADDICTED TO SURGERY. I'VE HAD WELL OVER 20. EACH TIME HAS BEEN A BAD ONE"



But once you're in, you're family. The cardinal rule is sticking together, says Deegan. "Metal Mulisha is known for having each other's backs. If one guy wins, then the whole group wins. If one guy has a problem, then the whole group has the problem."

And by the same token, Metal Mulisha can be harsh on outsiders. Beau Manley, 28, a dirt bike rider with two Old English "M's" tattooed onto the nape of his neck, beneath the fringe of dyed black hair, says, "We like to punish squids—dudes that don't ride, or dudes who are just dorks. We like to roost them in the face with a bunch of gravel. Ride up

Lusk broke his arm in a crash

three hours away from the nearest hospital. To save the limb he had to lie with it gaping open for five days while it depressurized. Hagy came up short on a triple and broke both of his legs while he was in high school. Confined to a wheelchair, his schoolmates would push him down stairs, so he had to be homeschooled. Sleeping at night with two casts rubbing against each other was hell. Kargola compound fractured his left femur. The bone popped through the skin and blood spurted everywhere. The war stories go on and on and on.

Pain pill addiction is one of the obvious byproducts of a life spent in casts and crutches. For these guys, it's par for the course. Almost all of the guys have a drug addiction story to complement their scar stories. "Painkillers are a necessity," says Hagy. "Even if you're not hurt, you rely on them. And they're hard to come off of. If they're in front of me, it's hard not to take them." Hagy says that if one of the guys has a serious addiction, they kidnap him and lock him somewhere within Deegan's house and force him to detox. "And we'll keep him down there for as long as we need, to keep him sober."

"The painkillers were sweet," says Manley, in a swagger you hope is sarcastic. "They were yellow in color and I chewed them up. Then I washed them down with Coronas or Budweisers. Pretty tight. I used to be into that, but I kicked it because I couldn't get my weiner hard very often because I ate too many pills. My wife was bummed because I was hittin' it for like two hours and not getting nowhere."

Despite their rock-and-roll lifestyles, even the Metal Mulisha have to mature someday. Though some of the younger kids are still "badass rebel punks," a lot of the older riders have gotten married, had children, and refocused on the business and marketing end of freestyle motocross. "Usually it involves more Vicodin," quips Manley. "They keep telling stories. But instead of the stories being in present tense, they're more past tense, like, 'I was sick four years ago when I did this.'"




Hagy continues to ride, but he also consults for Metal Mulisha and Osiris shoes. Faisst, who's been around for as long as the sport, is planning to retire in five years. He started a clothing company of his own called Shui, which means water in Chinese, and features East Asian tattoo imagery. "That's kind of what I'm building for my future," he says from the driveway of Deegan's house, as children ride around him on miniature ATV's.

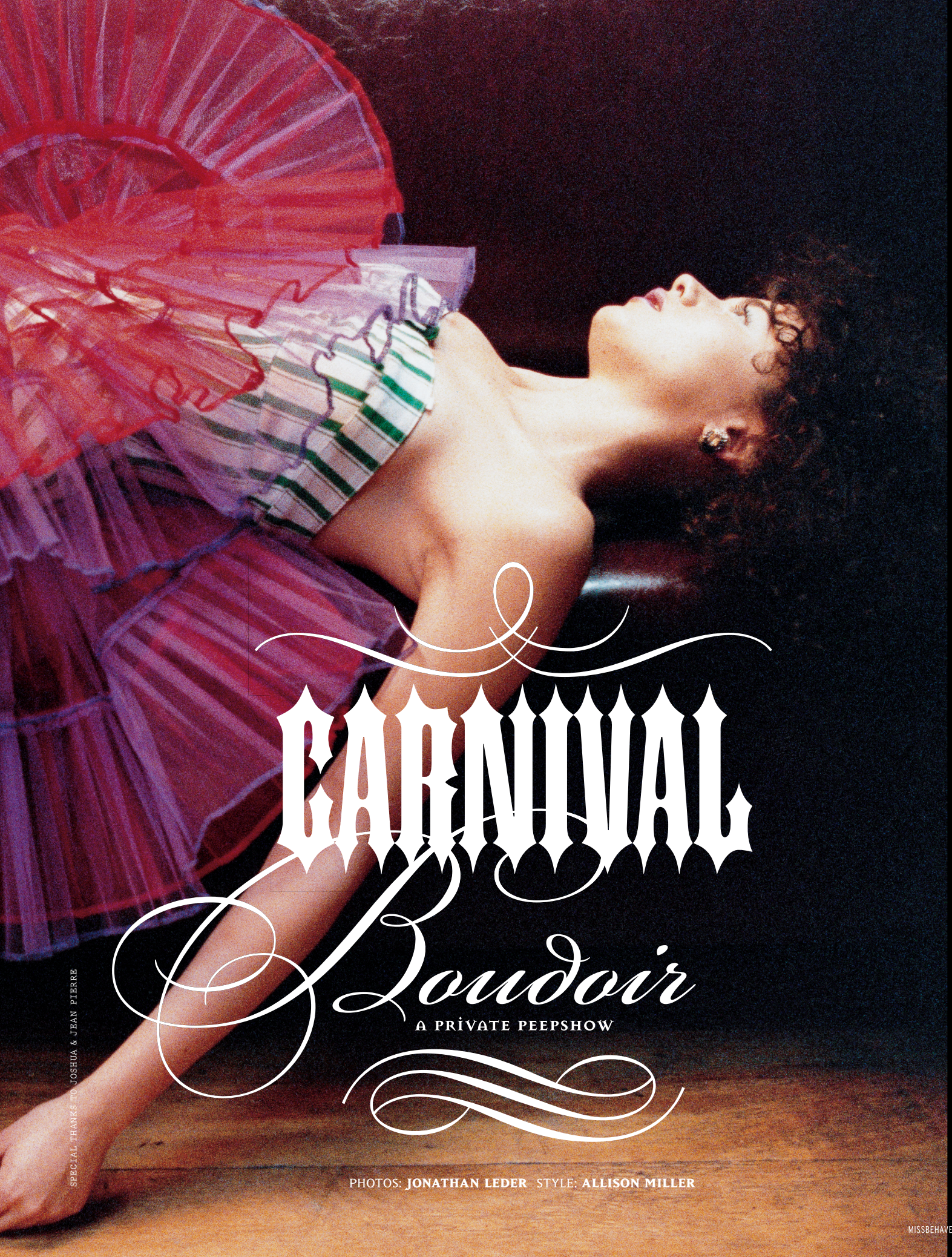
As for Deegan, he's sold the rights to use the name "Metal Mulisha" to the O'Neill Group. Deegan projects that the brand will be worth $24 milllion in a few years. Though he used to only want hardcore FMX riders to sport the Metal Mulisha brand, he now, understandably, wants to see everybody in the trademark skull with the army helmet. "At first, if you wore Mulisha, you were a badass dude, and you rode dirt bikes. Now, it's moms, dads, kids. Everyone runs it, in support of our crew and action sports in general."

When the photo shoot for *Missbehave* ends, Deegan's 5-year-old daughter, Hailie, hops onto the padded crossbar of his dirt bike. "10 years went by," reflects Deegan. "Stuff changes. The guys who didn't grow up, we checked. Now I'm married, have kids and it's time to be an adult. But when it's time to throw down and be one of the baddest dudes on a dirt bike, I will." 'Cause even when the risks are higher, pain is temporary, but glory is forever. ★



Bustier by **Fornarina**, Crinoline by **Tripp NYC**,
Heels by **House of Deréon**, Earrings by **Iosselliani.**

LOCATION: LE BARRICOU, SET DESIGN & PROP STYLING BY AMY HENRY PRODUCTIONS. MAKEUP BY ILDIKO @ UTOPIA NYC USING SUGAR COSMETICS. HAIR: WAYNE @ SUITE 303 USING KERASTASE. MODEL: BERTA @ MUSE



# CARNIVAL Boudoir

A PRIVATE PEEPSHOW

PHOTOS: **JONATHAN LEDER** STYLE: **ALLISON MILLER**

SPECIAL THANKS TO JOSHUA & JEAN PIERRE



Bathing suit by **L.A.M.B.**, Shorts by **Betsey Johnson**, Cuffs by **Alexandre Herchcovitch**, Heels by **House of Deréon**, Earrings by **Draugsvold.**



Bra & girdle by **Deborah Marquit**, Earrings & ring by **Iosselliani**, Bracelet by **Pianegonda**, Stockings from **The Sock Man.**



Panties, garter & stockings by **Deborah Marquit**, Jacket by **BB Dakota**, Necklace by **Pianegonda**, Bracelets & earrings by **Iosselliani**, Heels by **Alexandre Herchcovitch**.



Bra & panty by **H&M**, gloves by **Carolina Amato**, Earrings by **Draugsvold**, Hat from **What Comes Around Goes Around.**

# We'll Make



# Great Pets

## FURRIES LOVE SWIMSUITS

PHOTOS: **SACHA MARIC** STYLE: **KATE RUTH**

ANIMAL COSTUMES: KATE BENTON, HAIR: TIM PATEMAN @ PHAMOUS ARTISTS, MAKEUP: EMMA OSBORNE @ PHAMOUS ARTISTS, MODEL: LAUREN RIPPINGHAM @ PREMIER (LONDON), STYLIST'S ASSISTANT: MICHELLE LEONG




This page: Swimsuit by **Comme des Garcons for Speedo**, Tights by **Frederick's of Hollywood**. Facing page: Swimsuit by **Liza Bruce**, Tights by **Sparkle & Fade**. Shoes on these and all subsequent pages by **Charlotte Olympia**.



Swimsuit by **Ksubi**, Tights by **Frederick's of Hollywood.**



Swimsuit by **Liza Bruce**,
Tights by **Jonathan Aston.**



Panty by **Spijkers en Spijkers**,
Bra by **Julien Macdonald**,
Tights by **Fredericks of Hollywood**.

Swimsuit by **Pistol Panties**,
Tights by **Jonathan Aston.**







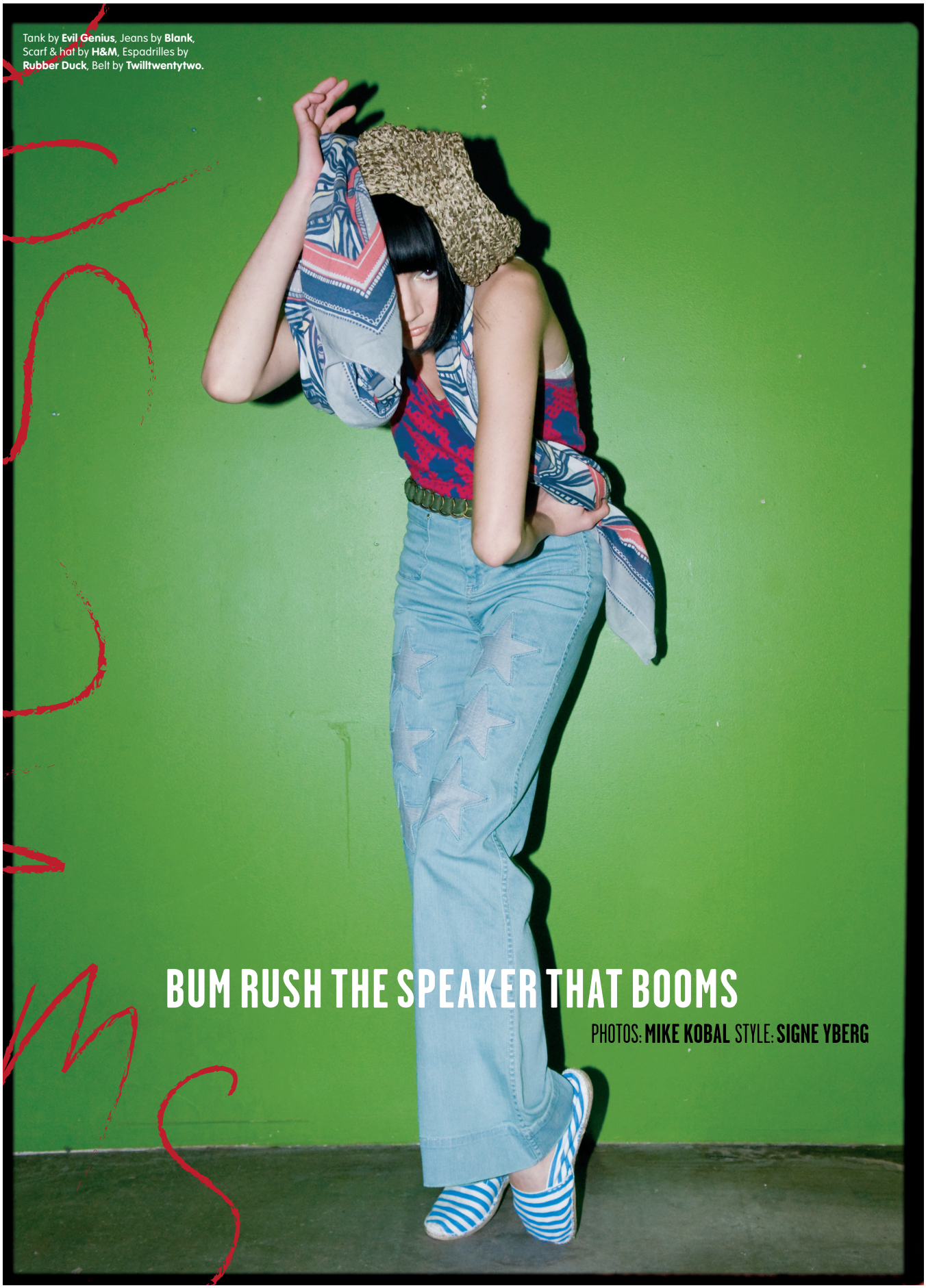
SPECIAL THANKS TO THE MAN IN THE ANIMAL COSTUMES: JULIAN BEAVERS

Swimsuit by **Sophia Malig**,
Tights by **Jonathan Aston.**




Yellow jumpsuit by **55DSL,**
Tank by **H&M**, Belt by **L.A.M.B.**

MAKEUP: NATALIE DISTEFANO HAIR: ELSA MODEL: SHANNON @ MARILYN



Tank by **Evil Genius**, Jeans by **Blank**, Scarf & hat by **H&M**, Espadrilles by **Rubber Duck**, Belt by **Twilltwentytwo.**

# BUM RUSH THE SPEAKER THAT BOOMS

PHOTOS: **MIKE KOBAL** STYLE: **SIGNE YBERG**



Track jacket by **Adidas**, Sweater vest by **L.A.M.B.**, Tie by **Buckler**, Trousers by **Nolita de Nimes**, Shoes by **Kim Jones for Umbro.**



Blue checkerboard tee by **Built by Wendy**, Pink sweatshirt by **WESC**, Shorts by **Ctrl**, Hat is stylist's own.


Tee by **Jeremy Scott**, Overalls by **Sean John.**



Tee by **Rojas**, Elephant bells by **The Good The Bad & The Ugly**, Shoes by **Bless.**



Hoodie by **Sean John**, Silk pants by **Alexandre Herchcovitch,** Vintage hat is stylist's own.



Jacket by **Nikita**, Jeans by **Hellz Bellz,**
Geometric tank by **Rojas**, Tie by **Distilled,**
Vintage necklace is stylist's own.

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# Goodbye Kitty

We weren't to know that Kitty was so unhappy. Or that she would adhere so faithfully to draconian Samurai honor codes. To die at her own hand, without thumbs with which to guide the blade, it's a miracle that she expired at all. We'd confiscated her Katana sword after her most recent bout of depression but neglected the dull axe that we keep in the foyer for emergencies and firewood. She didn't understand that her likeness being used to peddle everything from diet pills to DVD packaging for Japanese Hentai tentacle porn wasn't compromising her honor. "It doesn't even look like you," we'd exclaim, coaxing her from Google images. Then, she'd stomp off, still in her bathrobe, and forcefully slide the door in our faces to blast Megadeth until the paper walls of her bedroom shook. We're not sure, because she didn't leave a note, not even a haiku, but we're pretty convinced that her recently dwindling popularity had something to do with it. She'd complain at how ubiquitous she'd become, but still, over the years she'd gotten used to being a style icon. She'd roll her eyes but secretly nothing made her happier than seeing her mug on ironic barrettes on grown women, BeDazzled watches, and handbags. She wasn't prepared for fashion to be so tremendously fickle, she had her day in the sun, a long and glorious day, but as that moment set, she couldn't stand it. We'd told her to gird her loins so it's almost funny that she'd resorted to Hara-Kiri. Maybe the act was as gangster as she'd intended. Better to lose guts than lose face.

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